Saturday Night

MARCH 3RD 1956 TEN CENTS

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The Hon. Jack Pickersgill: In the footsteps of the master? (Page 9).

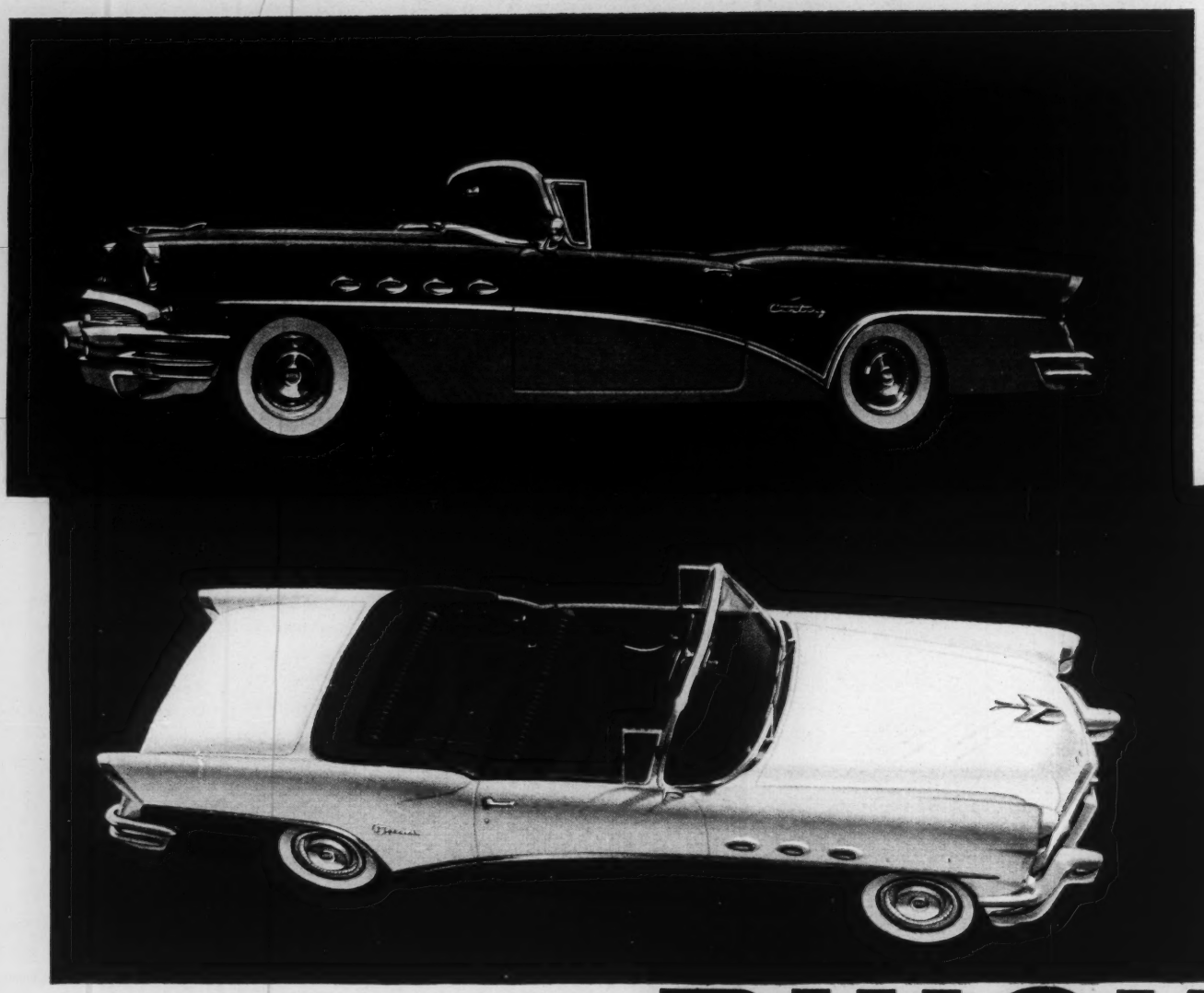
The Front Page

THERE are 265 seats in the House of Commons. The persons sent to Ottawa to occupy them are employed by the people of Canada to look after the nation's business. One of the most important problems of that business, the surplus of grain in the western provinces, was being debated one frosty Friday morning recently when the leader of the CCF, M. J. Coldwell, forced a quick vote. Of the 170 Liberal members, 36 were present when the count was made. Some of these had been hurriedly pulled in from corridors and offices. The parties in opposition mustered 46. There were no parliamentary committees meeting at the time to cut House attendance. In other words, only 82 Members of Parliament were on the job, earning their $10,000 a year.

The Welfare State

WITH Federal and Provincial governments getting down to some serious work on what is generally called national health insurance, a great deal is being said these days about the advantages and disadvantages of the so-called Welfare State. Unfortunately, little effort is made to define the term by the people who use it. But since they talk only about such things as pensions, mothers' allowances and medical expenses, presumably they think of a Welfare State as one in which the government returns tax money to its citizens

Canada's Population Problem
by Adrian Liddell Hart: Page 7



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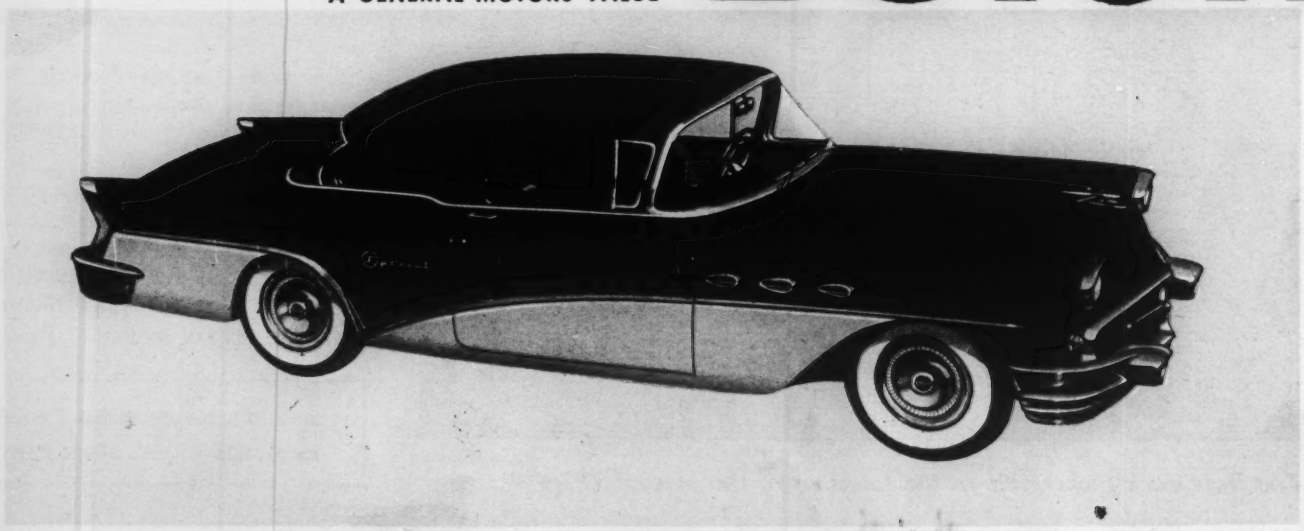


in the form of more or less direct financial help. If this is what they mean, the phrase "Welfare State" is both misleading and inaccurate.

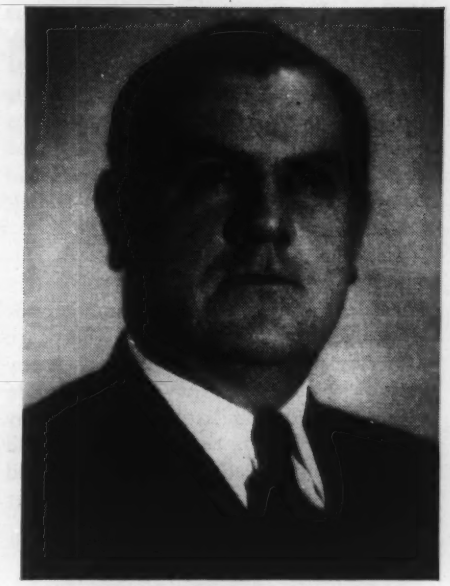
A responsible government exists only for the welfare of the society that appoints it. Everything it does must be related to the general well-being. Schools and sewers, houses and highways, parks and protection —all these things, and many more, go to make up the welfare of the community, in a town, a province or a country. To limit welfare to pensions and medical plans is patently absurd.

All the services that contribute to the welfare of a community must be paid for by some government—at the municipal, provincial or federal level. But the same people provide the money no matter who does the spending. It follows, then, that the ability of each government to provide for welfare is limited by its power to tax; if one uses such power at the expense of the other, many areas of welfare will be neglected; and if the total demand for money becomes excessive, the results will be not general well-being but decline.

Some Members of Parliament have been demanding that the Federal Government not only underwrite a scheme of national health insurance but at the same time increase old age pensions and mothers' allowances. Can this be done in Canada without making it difficult, perhaps impossible, for other governments to pay for sewers and schools? To say that it is being done in other countries is no answer. Can it be done here? We doubt it.

Family allowances for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1955, cost $366.5 million. To bring them in line with the increase in the cost of living since 1945 would cost an additional $200 million. Old age pensions for the same period, paid to people over 70, came to $353.2 million. Boosting the pension from the present $40 to $60 and giving it to everyone over 65 without a means test would raise the total payment by $450 million. The cost of hospital care, based on the British Columbia and Saskatchewan plans, would be about $466 million, and of a health program comparable to that in the United Kingdom would be in excess of $1,200 million. Add up these costs and then add the sum to what is being spent now by various governments in Canada and you have the cost of an "expanded" welfare program.

Before committing the country to additional huge and fixed expenditures, the Federal Government, in co-operation with provincial and municipal authorities, must work out a philosophy or doctrine of taxation—one that will cover regional as well as national needs and take into account the effects of taxation on the general welfare in addition to its results in terms of specific "welfare" plans.



John W. Foote, VC: Pestered.

Angry Psychiatrist

CIVIL SERVANTS must often be tempted to toss back a few of the brickbats showered on them by their more abusive critics. To their credit, they generally control themselves and are satisfied to let the elected heads of their departments speak for them. It is undoubtedly frustrating when the departmental head makes a botch of the answers, but silence is still a lot less troublesome than an angry outburst. A civil servant in Ontario found this out a couple of weeks ago.

The background of the incident was that the provincial CCF leader, Donald MacDonald, had been making a concentrated attack on the Department of Reform Institutions headed by the Hon. J. W. Foote, VC. Mr. MacDonald's charges of maladministration were more colorful than factual, but Mr. Foote was making a pretty uninspired job of replying to them. The former got on to the subject of "military mentality" in the department and made an allusion to a "relentless exponent of the punitive approach to penal reform". This was a little too much for Dr. F. H. van Nostrand, the department's director of neurology and psychiatry, who apparently took the allusion as a personal affront—and possibly may have doubted Mr. Foote's ability to reply. Anyhow, he made a long-range diagnosis of what he thought of Mr. MacDonald, and put it in the form of a letter. Failing to get the letter published by a newspaper, he sent it to Mr. MacDonald. The latter, of course, made an issue of it.

Donald MacDonald: Analysed.

Dr. van Nostrand had, of course, played hob with the rule of silence imposed on civil servants. Mr. Foote did not try to hide his annoyance and assured the Legislature that he had taken steps to prevent any repetition of this sort of thing.

If this was all, there would be little point to dwelling on the affair. But it was not simply a case of an angry outburst by a civil servant. It was also an instance of a responsible psychiatrist attempting to make public a report on the mental state of a man he had not personally examined. The propriety of such an action is a matter for deep thought by the medical societies.

The public is being plagued these days by amateurs who have all the jargon of psychiatry but little knowledge and less restraint. Premature and exaggerated claims by professionals in the past have tended to diminish the public reputation of psychiatry as a serious and very worthwhile science. It has too much to offer humanity for such treatment. It is up to its practitioners to jealously guard its reputation.

Sharing the Wealth

REVENUE Minister McCann wondered, in the House of Commons the other day, "Why it is that the CCF hate to see anyone make an honest dollar unless they can share it almost immediately". Which is a very curious remark indeed to be made by the man who heads the department responsible for collecting the major part of the nation's taxes.

Moderation in Suburbia

RELIGIOUS life in Suburbia worries the Rev. W. G. Berry, associate secretary of the United Church's Board of Evangelism and Social Service. "Everyone likes religion in the suburbs," he says in the Board's recent annual report. "The admission of new members to church is only equalled by the spate of new church building . . . But beside building churches and attending Sunday morning services, what are these Christians doing about Christianity? . . . (The suburb dweller) will raise money, organize boys' work, help to get a church built, but he will not take a stand on a moral issue. He wishes to be

The Front Page continued

moderate in all things, not only in attitudes toward beverage alcohol or gambling but even in religion itself . . . If the spiritual boom in Canada is not to be a spiritual bust, Christians in the suburbs should put more bang in their faith."

We wonder if the suburbanite's attitude is as much of moderation as one of confusion and doubt. Not only do different sects, all professing the Christian faith, speak with different voices on the moral issues of modern life, but within the United Church itself there is a notable lack of unanimity. One cannot help suspect that when Mr. Berry calls for strong stands on these issues, what he wants is strong support of his own particular opinion—and not, for example, a vigorous defence of less restrictive liquor laws. With clergyman themselves divided in their interpretations of Holy Writ, it is not strange that the dweller in the suburbs, or anywhere else, is confused or doubts if there are simple solutions to moral problems.

The pressure of conformity alone does not explain the suburbanite's willingness to build churches and attend them. It is clear that he also recognizes his need for spiritual help. But the history of his times has made him wary of doctrines that draw rigid borders around the realm of truth. He has seen stern applications of laws against gambling and liquor create new problems without solving the old ones. Without realizing it, perhaps, he has reached the opinion that "to understand all is to excuse all". This does not put him on a sort of spiritual skid row, but rather makes him a Christian to whom truth is only partly revealed.

Disciplined Dice

AT DUKE University, parapsychologists (men who study all sorts of supernatural manifestations, from poltergeists to premonitions) have decided that it is possible to influence the roll of dice by mental concentration. In other words, if you have a super-charged mind, you can think the dice into coming up just the way you want them to — something like Davy Crockett grinning down a b'ar. If someone else is making the cubes behave, however, it would be just as well to examine both the dice and the player's method of rolling them before taking it for granted that he is a master of crap-shooting concentration.

Performances at Ottawa

IF PARLIAMENT were a circus and cabinet ministers clowns, the people who pay for the show in Ottawa would have had their money's worth during the past few weeks. Certainly there was great range and even some virtuosity in the performances, from the high comedy of Agriculture Minister Gardiner to the fateful part played in a tragedy by Justice Minister Garson. Unfortunately, conducting the nation's business isn't play-acting, as the fumbling members of the St. Laurent administration have been grimly reminded by a forceful group of Conservatives and the very able CCF contingent led by M. J. Coldwell.

Mr. Gardiner set the tone of his month's work when he proposed that wheat be traded to Britain for immigrants. It was a delightful suggestion that gave winter-weary Canadians many a happy hour of speculation. How would the trade be made? Would a flat rate of so many bushels per person be arranged? Would there be any variation for sex, age and weight? Would a pound-for-pound barter

Justice Minister Garson: A precedent.

be fair, or would a pound of ballet dancer be worth more in wheat than a pound of scrubwoman?

He fulfilled the promise of this good beginning by trying to give the Commons some details about butter and substitutes for butter. He tangled himself in this with such consummate skill that in very short order he had indirectly accused hospitals and other institutions in Quebec of breaking provincial law, tried to censor Hansard, got the Speaker into the mess, been spanked by the Opposition and forced to apologize for the whole affair.

Mr. Garson did not jump through the Parliamentary hoops, but his sombre performance will not be so lightly forgotten as that of Mr. Gardiner. It involved the life of a man named Coffin, accused and found guilty of murder. After publicly demonstrating his doubts about the trial and conviction of the man, Mr. Garson sat back and let him go to his death. The case was studied by one member of the Supreme Court, Justice Abbott, who ruled that there was no ground for appeal. Then the Government took the unprecedented step of asking the Supreme Court what its decision would have been had it heard an appeal. It was not a new hearing. All the Justices could do was to study the evidence already taken and the manner in which the trial had been conducted. Seven found little to disagree with, but the other two had grave doubts about some of the evidence and the way it was presented. Such a division in a jury would have meant a new trial. Moreover, there was the distinct possibility that new evidence could be uncovered. Altogether, there was every reason for commutation of the death sentence to one of life imprisonment. But Coffin hanged. We wonder how Mr. Garson is sleeping these nights.

Let's Be Honest

BEFORE and after each Olympic there are squabbles about the definition of an amateur. The team that represented Canada at Cortina a few weeks ago could not use two players because they had once played "professional" hockey. That apparently made them unfit to compete with the pure amateurs—even though large numbers of these so-called amateurs are paid by their governments for being athletes, and in Canada itself it is difficult to find a player in any hockey league above juvenile who does not get paid in some fashion for what he does on the ice. In the United States, the country's best miler has been condemned for padding his expense accounts.

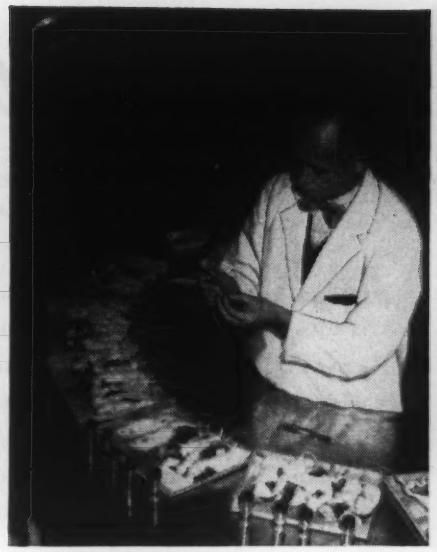
How long is this sort of nonsense to go on? There is no particular virtue in amateurism which, more often than not, is nothing more than snobbery. There was a time when gentlemen played for fun and only ruffians accepted money for displaying their athletic skill. Well, perhaps they were really gentlemen, but it's much more likely that they were simply men who had enough money to dabble in sports. The "ruffians" could not play unless they were paid; if they were not worth their pay, it was back to the shovel or the machine for them, and this driving need to improve their skill made them so much greater than most of the amateurs that the latter, to save face, had to find some moral superiority in their uncommercial ineptitude.

That is the background of amateurism. The attitude that an athlete who accepts wages for his work is somehow a lesser sportsman and not fit for the company of those who have not been tainted by money is a persistent one. It has its most absurd expression in English cricket, where "gentlemen" and "players" use different doors.

The honest amateur is an admirable person. His reward is the enjoyment he gets out of sport. If he can afford it, that's all to the good. But it does not make him in any way a better sportsman.

There is no reason why the paid and unpaid athletes should not compete with each other, if they are all skilful enough. The legend of amateurism in the Olympic Games is already destroyed. All that is left is a shoddy hypocrisy.

Willy Blok Hanson: Java.



Dr. Hans Selye: Austria.

The Hon. C. D. Howe: United States.

Leon Koerner: Czechoslovakia.

Enriching a Nation

EVERY PHASE of Canadian life has been touched and changed by the immigrant: business (Leon Koerner's revolutionary ideas of forest and timber management have been copied throughout the industry); art (Willy Blok Hanson has added an Eastern dynamic to dance techniques); science and medicine (the work of Dr. Selye and Dr. Penfield is world famous); government (C. D. Howe is only one of many leaders not native-born); labor (industry relies on the skilled crafts of men like Tadamasa Watanabe, a grinder at International Harvester, Hamilton).

Tadamasa Watanabe: Japan. His son got a BSc. in chemistry last year.

Dr. Wilder Penfield: United States.

56th Annual Report

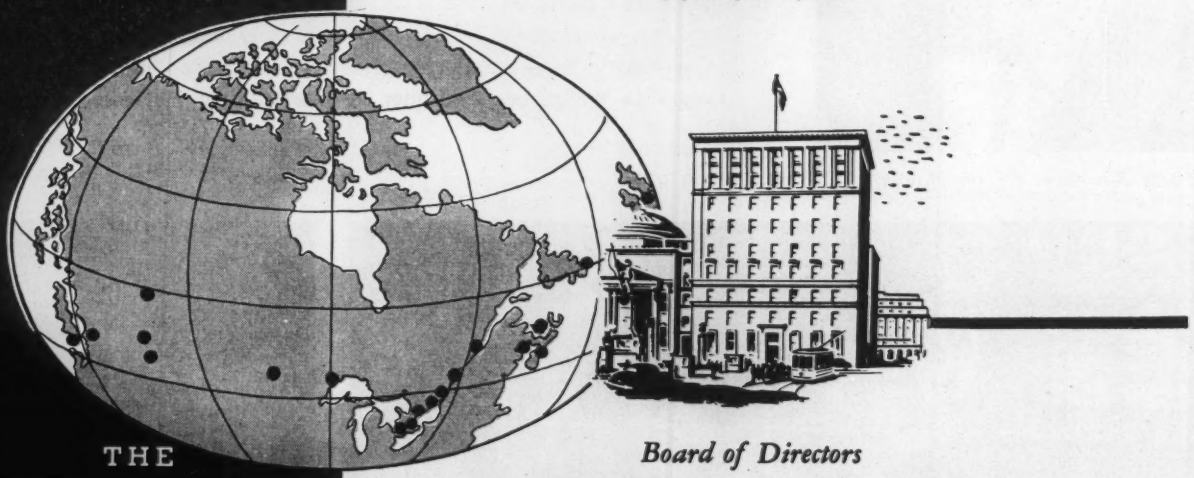
A YEAR OF CONTINUED PROGRESS

The figures shown below—condensed from our Annual Report for 1955—represent a new milestone in our growth. The steady expansion of our business reflects ever widening appreciation of the value and quality of our services. Through our nineteen offices across Canada and in London, England, we are now serving more individuals and corporations than ever before in our history.

EARNINGS	$7,071,000
EXPENSES	5,359,000
PROFIT	1,712,000
TAXES	687,000
NET PROFIT	1,025,000
DIVIDENDS	522,000

CAPITAL, RESERVE AND SURPLUS
$10,631,000

ASSETS UNDER ADMINISTRATION
$1,447,000,000



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Neither defence nor prosperity calls for a bigger influx of immigrants, this writer argues. "In the atomic age and as a result of recent agreements with the Americans, all that is necessary to defend the empty spaces of Canada is the U.S. Air Force assisted by a few Eskimos."

Learning English at an evening class: Is their cultural influence over-rated?

Canada Doesn't Need More Immigrants

by Adrian Liddell Hart

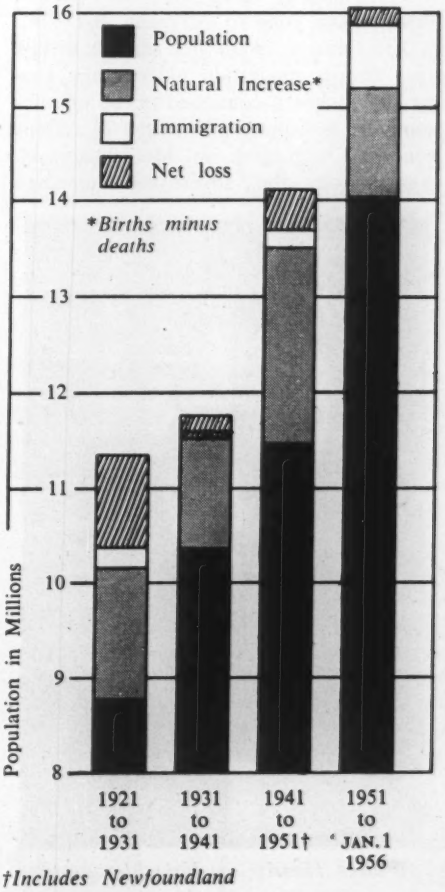
THE announcement that just under 110,000 immigrants entered Canada in 1955—30% less than in 1954—has led to renewed exhortations on the well-worn topic of immigration and the hardy perennials like "long-range planning", "firm national policy" and "absorptive capacity" are being reinvoked. We should see these figures in perspective, however, before reaching for the carrots—or the stick.

In the depressed years after Confederation, 1870-1895, the number of immigrants entering Canada was only 1,400,000. But in the more prosperous eighteen years which followed, up to the First World War, 3 million were admitted. And the annual average during the relatively good years at the end of the twenties was 160,000. By comparison with these figures, a million and a quarter have entered in the last ten years and the average annual intake has been 120,000—reaching a peak of 190,000 in the boom of 1951 and then falling off. The immediate problem of the Federal Government would therefore seem to be to find enough immigrants to maintain the quota for an era of prosperity, i.e. the 120,000-160,000 range. The upper figure was, in fact, the one given by the Hon. Walter Harris in 1954 as desirable and possible.

In the absence of a depression or of a major policy change, there is unlikely to be much alteration in the picture. Depressions, of course, work both ways. But in the economy of the modern world, there would only be a short time lag, in any case, between a marked slump in North America and one in Europe. More topically significant is the effect on immigration of a minor setback. The slow-down here in 1954-5, involving winter unemployment of half a million or more, out of a total population of 16 million, may have been exaggerated. But it is clear that the reports did have an effect on immigration from Britain and other countries. And in dealing with the problems of immigration, one is dealing with fancies at least as much as with facts.

Do we accordingly need—and are we likely to see—any real change in Canadian immigration policies? The current comments tend to take too much for granted and it is, perhaps, timely to review the whole case for immigration as a national program. Most of the arguments have to do with supposed advantages of a larger population. And these can be roughly divided into "defence" arguments and "economic" arguments. (Though the latter have been stressed in recent years, it is interesting to note that the arguments of defence once received priority.) As a matter of physical defence there is, of course, no longer a case. In the atomic age, and as a result of the recent agreements with the United States, all that is really necessary to defend the "empty spaces" of Canada is the U.S. Air Force, assisted by a few Eskimos.

Vanishing Population



†Includes Newfoundland

"It is necessary," wrote Dr. H. Keenleyside, Dep. Min. of Mines and Resources in 1947, "to provide a defence not only against the moral condemnation of less favored nations, and not only against the possibilities of external aggression, but also against the loss of Canadian identity in the larger American community through a more extreme disparity in size between Canada and its neighbor."

The moral case has been largely invalidated to date by the racial "selection" which effectively prevents many members of the over-populated and backward nations from coming to the northern Eldorado—though Ottawa has now found it politically expedient to set up immigration offices in New Delhi and other sensitive spots. The case for preserving the Canadian identity vis-a-vis the States is strengthened, at first glance, by a comparison of the latest figures for the growth of the two nations. The annual rate of population increase south of the border is 2.3 millions; in Canada it is 312,000 approximately. But quite apart from the fact that the U.S. has

just decided to increase the quota which was reduced to 155,000 a year under the McCarran Act, one has to conclude that any conceivable immigration into Canada can have very little effect on this difference. Although the population increase in Canada may continue to be somewhat greater, the absolute difference will continue to widen (to the point of inevitable absorption?). And it may also be relevant to wonder whether immigration into Canada, as the British proportion declines, does in fact help to preserve the Canadian identity against "Americanization"—or just the reverse.

The economic case for a larger population consists of the argument for spreading the burden of extended communications and other facilities ("The present number of legislatures and even of civil servants," wrote the same Deputy Minister, "could undoubtedly serve a larger community"); the argument for providing a larger domestic market; and the argument for increasing the labor supply. The first two arguments are ones on which the Gordon Commission may profitably throw some light. Some of the popular assumptions about the material advantages of a rapidly increasing population have been recently queried. "Those who say that people are Canada's greatest economic need," says Harvard economist J. K. Galbraith in his brief to the Royal Commission, "are speaking the language of another day."

The argument for increasing the labor supply is secondary—unless we accept the idea that work is an end in itself. Immigration has been useful in filling post-war labor shortages—and this has given the real impetus to the program. But the notion that there can be a planned immigration policy, geared to turning the flow on and off like a tap according to immediate and varying requirements does not hold water.

The principles of the present immigration were, in theory, laid down by Mackenzie King in 1947. "The Government will seek," he said, "to ensure the careful selection and permanent settlement of such numbers of immigrants as can advantageously be absorbed in our national economy . . ."

In practice there is no "careful selection" of immigrants from Britain today and, apart from a dubious security check, of immigrants from Western Europe (as anyone here can judge for himself). There has, however, been a definite selection of immigrants from southern and eastern Europe and, more rigidly, from Asia.

Any policy of opening the door wide for mass immigration is today quite impracticable, from an economic and political point of view, though there are still a strange number of people who apparently believe that open spaces of Canada can and should be filled up in this fashion. If there is a case for letting immigration find its

Hugh Keenleyside: a moral obligation.

own economic level in a free labor market, it is hypothetical. What is likely to happen is that an attempt will be made to keep up the present level of immigration by "broadening" the selection of southern Europeans, "balancing" this easement by "inducements" to British and possibly other West European people—and admitting a few more of Mr. Pearson's Asians into the political bargain. Steps have, in fact, been lately taken in this direction.

As to inducements, much has been made of the comparative success of Australia in obtaining British immigrants in a competitive market. Since the war 460,000 British have gone to Australia and 376,000 to Canada. In the first quarter of last year British emigration to Australia rose by 16%, while it continued to fall off substantially to Canada—"a matter of serious concern", according to Mr. Pickersgill. Apart from the advertising campaign

Walter Harris: a desirable quota.

which the Australians have conducted and the rather bad press which the Canadians have received, the difference in results may be partly due to the difference in outlay by the two governments. Whereas the Australian Government has invested some $23 million a year in immigration since the war, largely in the form of free assisted-passages, the Canadian Government has only lately got around to providing half a million dollars a year (repayable) for this purpose.

It may well be true, as the Minister says, that any British immigrant who can't afford to pay his own fare across the Atlantic in these days is not worth having. But it may also be true that the whole philosophy which lies behind such an attitude is not best-suited to getting immigrants under modern conditions. At the same time some people connected with immigration here propose other material inducements in the form of allowances which can be paid on arrival, medical and welfare benefits and even guaranteed contracts — in short, an approximation to the Welfare state. The difficulty with such suggestions is that they must surely lead to a form of discrimination, resented by Canadians and probably prejudicial to the immigrant's integration.

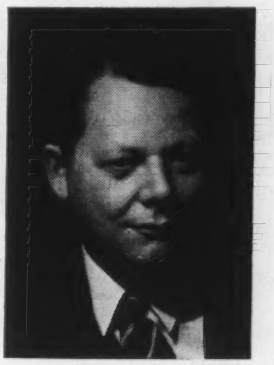
In addition to the economic arguments for helping to build up the population it is also maintained that immigration serves a beneficial purpose in supplying new techniques and tastes, in contributing to the social and cultural life of the nation. There has lately been an increased emphasis on the sociological aspect of immigration, and "integration" rather than assimilation. "We want the immigrants to conserve their national traditions and culture," says the Prime Minister. Unfortunately there is still much wishful—and "folksy"—thinking on this score.

Apart from a very small and unrepresentative minority who come here with established reputations in their field, I doubt whether the dynamic contribution of immigrants to Canadian cultural life, in the broad sense, is nearly as significant even in the big cities like Toronto where one in five is a post-war immigrant, as many of them and many Canadians like to claim. I am inclined, rather, to agree with the man who said that the most useful form of immigration, to enrich the cultural and social life of Canada would be a lot of "carefully-selected" West Indian servants, who would facilitate the development of a Canadian leisure class. Indeed, if the emphasis is going to be placed on the sociological rather than the economic implications of immigration, the right policy may consist, as the late B. K. Sandwell argued, in admitting those who are content to stay in the jobs which native Canadians are reluctant to do. All the fuss over Canadian immigration may be an illusion.

With Halo or Horns?

"FIX IT with Jack." The wartime slogan around Ottawa for getting the Prime Minister's blessing or the Government's assistance testified to the ascendancy of Mackenzie King's private secretary. And when in peacetime Jack Pickersgill stayed on as special assistant to an inexperienced leader, the reputation of a fixer grew into the legend of a grey eminence.

In the last years, however, another Pickersgill has taken shape. This is the provocative Minister of the famous "Canadian babies—better than immigrants" controversy, the bumptious parliamentarian of the Abbott-like wisecracks, the King-like gestures and other reminiscent traits. Some see in this development only a calculating design to live down the slightly sinister self-effacement of the not-so-distant past. Others claim to recognize the emergence — or re-emergence — of a truer and less inhibited Pickersgill. For there is probably no man in Canadian public life today who is himself the subject of greater controversy.



©Gaby

Jack Pickersgill

To one writer he wears a halo—"with a heart minted in the purest gold". To another he has inherited the horns of the master, and by unscrupulous machinations will soon be inheriting his crown as well. "They are all frightened of him." Until recently he was so reticent that the bare details of his career were often wrongly reported. Today he is quite publicity conscious. But he remains a puzzle.

Born in 1905 at Wycombe, Ontario, John Whitney Pickersgill comes of English and Loyalist stock, settled in Canada for generations. His father died of disabilities suffered in the First World War and Jack, who was the eldest, had to help his mother to bring up a large family on the Manitoba farm where they had settled. Sympathetic glimpses of a remarkable family are given in the published letters of his brother, Frank, an intelligence officer executed by the Nazis in 1944.

He graduated from the University of Manitoba in 1926 and spent a couple of years studying 19th century European history at Oxford on an IODE scholarship. But it was not quite the sports-social-Rhodes scholar background which has produced so many prominent Canadians. At New College he belonged to the same vintage as Socialist intellectuals like Jay, Crossman and Gaitskell. He still wears on most occasions the striped New College tie. And though he is generally considered a died in the wool "nativist", there is still something about him which is curiously English compared with most Canadian politicians. ("The Scots think they own this country, of course," he remarks half-seriously.)

He became a Liberal, he says, over the King-Byng affair. But he saw earlier than most that traditional 19th century liberalism was not enough. Liberal doctrines, he wrote at the time, "have become politically obsolete as their destructive work has been completed." He returned to Manitoba as a lecturer at Wesley College but managed in the next ten years to continue his post-graduate studies in London and Paris from time to time.

At the age of 32 he entered the Department of External Affairs as a Third Secretary. He needed security, and the salary was $20 a year more than he had been earning as a professor —a measure of the close budgeting on which he has operated for most of his life. At this time it was Mackenzie King's practice to attach young men from External Affairs to his private office, in turn. Usually they were short-lived, but Pickersgill stayed with King for eleven years. "He was not an easy man to work for," he remarks with modest understatement. But in time he became the only man who could safely hold his own with the master and frankly speak his mind. It was an exceptional and, in a way, an historic relationship. It gave Pickersgill a unique lesson in democratic politics.

In 1952 he decided to insure his security in the Civil Service. In relation to his real influence, his position had already become anomalous. But it soon became evident that his appointment as Clerk of the Privy Council and Secretary to the Cabinet was even more anomalous. Mr. St. Laurent took him along on most political trips, turned to him for advice on most political decisions and appointments. It was salt rubbed into the whole sore subject of politics in the Civil Service. So Pickersgill decided it was time to follow the well-beaten track from public employ to political office, assured of a seat in the Cabinet. However, Manitoba was already well-represented in the Cabinet, at least in his own estimation, by Stuart Garson.

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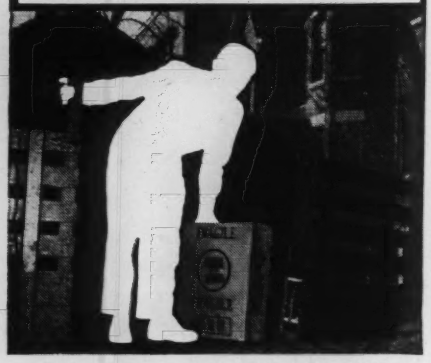

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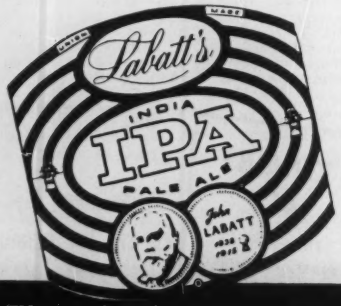

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Pickersgill's decision to accept the surprise offer of the new province, Newfoundland, was one of the strangest and yet, perhaps, one of the most revealing moves of his career. Under the auspices of Premier Joe Smallwood he could reckon on a comfortable majority, of course, and could afford to disregard the numerous jokes at the expense of the somewhat incongruous candidate for Bonavista-Twillingate. Nonetheless, the representation was geographically inconvenient and politically prejudicial. On the other hand, he had already played an influential and very possibly a decisive part in the admission of Newfoundland. Its future was not yet assured. Perhaps the hardships of its inhabitants found a response in a man who still combines a certain sympathy for the genuine underdog with an unfashionable preference for the Canadian breed. At any rate he seems to have found a haven, if not a home, in Bonavista-Twillingate. For one so prudent, the recent purchase of a schooner, on which he and his family will spend their vacations, is unlikely to be just a passing whim.

Entering the Cabinet as Secretary of State, Pickersgill soon moved to the Department of Citizenship and Immigration, while his friend Walter Harris moved up to higher things. It perhaps sums up the Minister's whole approach to his new job when he remarks: "I wish I were just called the Minister of Citizenship".

He maintains that the English do on the whole — and in the long run — make the best immigrants, the most Canadian. "They have a tradition of dissent."

Pickersgill remarried in 1939 and now, in middle-age, has four young children. "So I'm sceptical," he says, "of all these calculations and forecasts about the population of Canada." He takes part in no sports and has few if any recreations "except indolence". He has little interest in business and has even shown a certain antipathy for the commercial world. His membership of the Church is "quite nominal" and he finds little time today for historical reading. The years of premature family responsibility, of personal tragedy and service to an exacting master have left their mark of strain.

A few years ago Opposition leaders (and Joe Smallwood) were saying that he would be the next Prime Minister of Canada. The odds are longer today. Perhaps his greatest handicap, beyond the commitment of Newfoundland, the criticisms of his Department and the hostility of powerful colleagues, is that he is not only remarkably clever but, despite his speeches, he gives to a complacent people the impression of being remarkably clever. And though he has trodden, with the same nimble bounce, in the steps of the master for so long, the one-time historian may himself doubt whether history ever repeats itself.

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Vicious gamble? Buying an audience? Brutal test? Greedy dream? Intellectual vacuum? Whatever the answer is, The Question is watched by far more people than any other TV program.

Answers to the $64,000 Question

by Gilbert Seldes

AS THEY cast up their accounts at the end of 1955, the television critics of the United States all made a special place for a program, which arrived at the beginning of June, in the midst of the misfits called "summer replacements", and instantly became the most popular entertainment on the air. This is, of course, "The $64,000 Question" and the special place made for it by the critics was not always a high one. After mentioning dozens of productions of which he thought well enough, the sardonic John Crosby ended his review of the year with the words: "There was also 'The $64,000 Question'—but it may blow over eventually".

Eventually—but not now.

The passions stirred by this program and its reverberations in the most unexpected places are a warning to critics not to be deceived by the resemblance to radio's "Take It or Leave It", which injected "the $64 question" into the American language. Fond as the citizens of the United States are of bigness, they require something more, as the producers of a rival program, "The Big Surprise", which offers a jackpot of $100,000, have discovered by looking at their low popularity ratings every week.

Multiplying the stakes by 1,000 did not alter the vitalizing element of the older program, the moment of decision, the choice between security ($32) and risk (lose all or win double). But the magnification dramatized the moment and brought universal human values into play, for no contestant ever seemed in dire need of $64, whereas no contestant could possibly be indifferent even to $8,000.

It is, of course, this same size, the sheer effrontery of "giving away" so much money that has brought the program its vast publicity and at least a mutter of protest. In Toronto, which catches the program from Buffalo, a minister suggested that the program ought to be forbidden by law as a peculiarly vicious gamble. In the United States the managers of other kinds of program have recalled the phrase about "buying the audience", which was current when the mixed prizes of "Stop the Music" looked like big money, and critics have deplored the intellectual vacuity of a program which browbeats participants and audience alike with outrageous riches.

The public response has not been affected by these misgivings. By September the ratings indicated that in some cities three-quarters of all sets were tuned in to the program and in the middle of that month excitement reached a high point when Marine Captain Richard S. McCutchen became the first contestant to go for and win the capital prize.

Capt. McCutchen is remarkable among the contestants because "in spite of all temptations", he remains a Marine and has refused all offers to endorse cake-mix or margarine or anything else (except the U.S. Marine Corps). The winners of lesser sums and even attendants on the program have not had to have such compunctions and only one has possibly suffered for his fame. Rev. Alvin Kershaw, pastor of the Holy Trinity Episcopal Church in Oxford, Ohio, won $32,000 by his knowledge of jazz, made some guest appearances on television and at jazz festivals, but as he had announced he might give part of his winnings to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, a Mississippi legislator moved to prevent him from speaking at the University of that state. Otherwise, it has been roses, roses, all the way, from the cobbler who got a free trip to Rome, an audience with the Pope, entertainment by Ambassador Luce and a $10,000 a year job as "ambassador-of-good-will" for a manufacturer of rubber heels to the bank functionary who guards the safe in which the questions are locked—he has been made a vice-president.

The repercusions of fame are indications of the variety of interest the program evokes. The little girl who was a spelling expert was made an Honorary Teacher in the Baltimore schools by a proclamation from the Mayor of that city. The 70-year-old woman who knew about

The $64,000 team: (l. to r.) Joe Cates, director; Hal March; Steve Carlin, producer.

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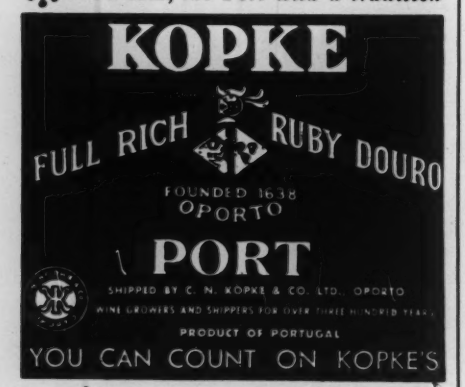

✻ Pronounce it *"cop-key"*

baseball was signed by a syndicate to cover the World Series. The Bible expert read passages from the Bible on a variety show and is to make recordings of the same. And the president of the company that acquired the rights to the old $64 Question and performed the miracle of multiplication has become a vice-president of the Columbia Broadcasting System on which the program appears.

The consequences to individuals are not as significant as the effects of the program on television itself. An eruption (which might be called a rash) of new quizzes has occurred and some of the older ones have been driven to changes in their rigid formulas. A program was announced which is to use the conspicuous winners of the $64,000 Question as "experts", recalling the days of Information, Please. With a vast audience to deliver to the succeeding program on Tuesday nights (the spot formerly held by Edward R. Murrow's magnificent "See It Now") CBS has chosen to give the favored position to another quiz.

The "side effects" (as doctors say) are not so clear. A few individuals have said that the program is enlightening, that more people consulted their Bibles during the several weeks it was the main subject of the program than ever before, and I even heard it said that a "religious awakening" could be expected. Certainly the great American appetite for unintegrated facts has been highly stimulated.

The unprecedented coverage by newspapers and magazines is another phenomenon—the grand prize winners are page one items (on the solid ground that people want to read about events they have witnessed, the same thinking that makes record-breaking heat front-page news). Most of all, the program brings into high relief a significant aspect of the broadcasting business.

This is the essential dual nature of radio-television, a nature at war with itself, being partly entertainment as we knew it in the past (drama, variety, etc.) and partly a lower-keyed effort to engage the attention (to engage, not to absorb) of masses of people by having something going on: parlor games, chatter, exhibition of personalities, and the like. Thus while television demands the service of both eye and ear, some of its most successful programs never go into high-pressure on the audience except for the commercials. A great deal of the exasperated criticism of television is directed against the innocuous, low-intelligence-level, merely acceptable, programs which are being judged by the standards of older entertainment—standards totally alien to them.

The critics, being professionals, do not know that for millions of people television has the same quality as conversation with friends—in the Midwest people talk of "visiting with" characters of the daytime serial. A new thing has come into the world and for lack of a new word we still call it "entertainment", but the name itself is ambiguous.

The qualities which make The Question "entertaining" are mostly mechanical, but the mechanisms are directed to bring out the essential thing: human personality at a moment of stress. The contestants I have noted above are almost all marked by one special feature—an incongruity between the person and his chosen subject: the minister with jazz, the old lady with sports, the Marine with high-cuisine. This is not an accident. Applicants are carefully screened and are required to submit names of their bank, landlord, and spiritual adviser (among others).

Most of the contestants are "characters" and the happy choice of an unaggressive MC (Hal March) permits them to unfold their personalities without pressure. The gimmicks are fancy, especially when contestants approach the big money and are placed in an isolation booth, visible and audible, but neither seeing nor hearing the audience from which clues might come. The guards, the automatic machine that delivers the question, the general air of importance, all dramatize the money, but the contestant, appearing four or five weeks in succession, becomes a sharply defined and familiar figure, holding the sympathies of the audience.

The concentration on personality is the clue to the success of a program which has to guard itself, as all such do, against its own routines, for the strange thing is that the routines which now dramatize the situation of an individual may end by reducing the individual to another part of the machine.

There is a brutality in subjecting people to the prospect of easy money—the audience knows it and admires those who overcome the nervous shock. The program engages basic emotions and vicariously the onlookers participate in a greedy dream. They participate even in the coming-true of the dream for the contestants who march beyond a certain limit—probably $8,000. But recurrent dreams may become tiresome and obsessive. The instinct of the producers of "The $64,000 Question" has been sound: they present it in an atmosphere of simple kindness, they have made everyone on it likable and my guess would be that they are safe for a long time.

Like many others, their program does no demonstrable harm. The question (and the answer is worth more than $64,000) is whether the best use of the air is being made when the mass of programs offered is satisfied with the negative quality of being innocuous, when so few are bold enough to be disturbing, to challenge the mind and the heart of the audience.

Senile Decay in the Cabinet

by John A. Stevenson

THE ST. LAURENT Ministry may not be near an early demise, but there are abundant signs that it is suffering from senile decay. Since the present session began, Ministers have been constantly on the defensive and no sooner have they extricated themselves from some embarrassing situation than they have been plunged into another.

Even some Liberals, while their veneration for the ageing Mr. St. Laurent as a human being is unabated, are beginning to question his capacity for ever giving their party effective leadership in Parliament, and to doubt whether his allure for the public as a campaigner in elections is adequate compensation for his other deficiencies.

The controversial debates about the exports of arms to Israel, Egypt and other countries revealed at least a looseness in administrative practices and mental confusion in the explanations of the Ministers involved, of whom only the Hon. Lester Pearson offered a reasonable defence of the courses followed. The plan for providing some financial succor to western wheat producers gave all the parties in opposition a chance to pose as champions of the farmers' interests.

There have been few parallels for the humiliating experience that befell the Government through the ill-starred attempt of the Rt. Hon. James G. Gardiner, the Minister of Agriculture, to delete from the official record of Hansard a paragraph that he felt might create trouble for the Liberal party in Quebec.

When the estimates of his department were being discussed, Mr. Gardiner, dealing with the sales of butter at cut-rate prices to public institutions like hospitals, stated that in Quebec such institutions used in January 297,313 lb. of butter and 13,591 lb. of margarine. But when reminded that the use of margarine was banned in Quebec, Mr. Gardiner suddenly realized that he had by implication been accusing institutions in Quebec, many of them under the aegis of the Roman Catholic Church, of breaking the law.

Foreseeing that Premier Duplessis would exploit such a charge to the detriment of the Liberal party in the next provincial election in Quebec, he approached the editor of Hansard in order to secure the excision of the dangerous paragraph. When the editor saw no reason to accede to his demand, he appealed to the Speaker, who ordered immediate compliance with it. He also tried in vain to secure its exclusion from press reports of the sitting and issued a statement to the effect that he would not like his statement to be considered authentic before checking it.

If Mackenzie King had been Prime Minister, he would have seen to it that, as soon as the House reassembled, Mr. Gardiner would have offered a humble apology and there the matter would probably have ended. But Mr. St. Laurent lacks Mr.

Mr. Gardiner: Humble apologies.

King's skill as a tactician. Mr. Gardiner was allowed to forestall an attack by making a long explanatory statement. The gist of it was that, when he realized that the figures that he had given might be inaccurate, he decided to expunge the paragraph containing them and give the House the accurate data on Monday.

The rules about changes by members in Hansard reports are perfectly clear. They are allowed to make changes for the improvement of literary form and to correct wrong figures but never to alter the substance of their statements or delete any of them. Mr. Gardiner had obviously violated these rules, but not a word of repentance for his action did he vouchsafe.

Thereupon the Speaker, the Hon. L. R. Beaudoin, who was obviously under considerable emotional strain, intervened in the discussion with an elaborate account of his part in the affair.

When he proceeded to give a ruling, Mr. Drew insisted successfully that he must refrain until the issue was debated in full. Outlining the salient facts of the case, the Conservative leader argued that the violation of the rules was so serious that it must be the subject of a thorough inquiry by the Committee on debates. He also ruined the chances of any effective defence by either Mr. Gardiner or the Speaker by citing a pronouncement made by the late Mackenzie King, then leader of the Opposition, to the effect that the Speaker was the servant of the House of Commons and that the House itself should determine whether anything is to be expunged from any of its records. George Black, who was then Speaker, after consideration had accepted this argument as valid and had given instructions that all alterations in the records of Hansard must have the approval of the House.

M. J. Coldwell, who followed, fully agreed with the position taken by Mr. Drew. Refusing to allow the Speaker to assume responsibility for the offence, he branded Mr. Gardiner as the real sinner.

The Speaker, after confessing that he had acted too summarily, too expeditiously and too lightly, professed complete contrition. After Mr. Gardiner had engaged in some exchanges with Léon Balcer (PC, Three Rivers) about the illegality of the sale of margarine in Quebec, he too made his apologies to the House and the debate petered out.

The visit of Sir Anthony Eden and his Foreign Secretary, Selwyn Lloyd, to Ottawa was overcast by some clouds. In long discussions with Canadian ministers the chief topics were foreign policy, Anglo-Canadian trade relations and problems relating to atomic energy. There are rumors that the Cabinet members were not greatly impressed by Sir Anthony.

His address to a joint meeting of the Senate and House of Commons was impeccable in form but loaded with enough platitudes and generalities to sustain the charge made by Malcolm Muggeridge, the editor of *Punch*, that before long Sir Anthony is going to bore the British people. Moreover, both he and Mr. Lloyd contrived to antagonize Mr. Drew and his cohorts by the fulsomeness of the compliments which they ladled out to Mr. St. Laurent. Their descriptions of the latter as "one of the world's greatest statesmen" and "wisest of counsellors and most loyal of friends" could not hope for endorsation by the Progressive Conservatives. They recalled how during the general election of 1945 the Liberal propagandists had made effective use of warm tributes paid by Sir Winston Churchill to the statesmanship of Mackenzie King.

Good Deed in a Naughty World

by Hugh MacLennan

IF YOU want to know what a city is like, there are few better places to study it than in its hospitals.

For the past year and a half the most impressive building in Montreal has been a hospital, the new quarters of the Montreal General on the crest of Côte des Neiges. As the eye sees it, this is by far the tallest structure in the British Commonwealth, for its ground floor alone is higher than the roof of the highest office building downtown. Early in the evening, with its red warning beacon towering into the sky and all of its windows blazing, it gives Montreal a stretch of skyline as lofty as a moderate section of Manhattan.

Not only the appearance, but also the location of the new General are significant symbols of the city's post-war growth and of the steady elevation of the medical profession. At last Montreal has climbed as high as it can go—to the very top of Mount Royal. And here, visibly, the medical profession has triumphantly escaped from the last vestiges of a past associated with barbershops, frigate cockpits, slums and lazar-houses.

From the windows of the new General, the patients and doctors can see most of the city and a goodly stretch of the southern St. Lawrence plain. On clear days they can look far across the border into the state of New York. But in this new, ethereal, impersonal world, they see the city as airmen do. One might almost say that they see it like the gods of old, without having to be conscious of details.

Far different was the prospect from the old building where the General grew and made its reputation. That grim, grey, ground-hugging structure on Dorchester Street is old enough to have functioned before Semmelweis and Lister. In the days when hospitals were places where the poor went to die, it was as much a part of Montreal's organism as the nose and liver are parts of a man's body. More than any other Montreal institution, the old General Hospital knew the light and the dark of the city's life.

Nearly a century and a half ago, in its infancy, it was the cause of a famous duel. Its secretary, a Dr. Caldwell, wanted to turn the General into a medical clinic and was opposed by a member of Quebec's Legislature bearing the ebullient name of Michael O'Sullivan. "Patients should be served by nuns devoted to the service of God," cried Mr. O'Sullivan, "not by hirelings." He issued a challenge to Dr. Caldwell without stopping to think that the doctor was an army surgeon who knew how to shoot, or that army surgeons were among the toughest men in the service. (One of their duties was to stand by at floggings in order to calculate whether another stroke of the cat could be delivered without killing the victim.) Dr. Caldwell not only accepted the challenge. He put bullets into each of O'Sullivan's legs and another into his body for good measure. He also had his way with the hospital. In 1823 the first medical school in Canada was established within the precincts of the General.

Decades passed and the city spread around the hospital like a fungus growth. The General became the home of McGill's Medical Faculty. It received a countless number of Irish immigrants stricken with the black small pox. Young William Osler came to it and began his famous collection of medical specimens while laying the groundwork of one of medicine's greatest careers. Towards the century's end a school of nurses was established in the General, and from its dingy wards issued many of the women who made the name of the Canadian nurse famous.

As the city continued to spread toward the mountain, the narrow old streets surrounding the General degenerated into slums, and then into a red-light district. Interns returning from emergency calls in that seething warren of anonymous humanity walked down narrow streets to the accompaniment of a drumfire of unseen fingers tapping on the glass of darkened panes. The old grey building, that had seen thousands die of septicaemia and childbed fever, endured long enough to serve for more than a decade in the penicillin era. For all its gloomy overcrowding and inconveniences, it was revered by the city's poor. They loved it for its stubborn insistence on remaining among them, and some of its doctors discovered in it the kind of beauty Rembrandt found in the faces of old women ravaged by poverty and by life itself.

The old General: beloved infirmary.

The new: antisepsis on the skyline.

When the staff of the General moved to the new skyscraper on the mountain, most of us thought we would never hear of that old grey building again. We were wrong. Just before it re-opened under the new name of the Hôpital de Saint Charles Borromeo, its purpose to care for male sufferers from chronic diseases, it witnessed one of the most bizarre episodes of its century and a half of existence.

The word passed around the city that the job of cleaning up the old wards was more formidable than was anticipated. With five days left before the date of its official re-opening, the people in charge estimated at least a hundred thousand more man-hours of work would be needed before it could receive the first patient. Somehow or other, probably by word of mouth, the news of the hospital's need reached the ears of the leather-coated gangs of juveniles whose activities have become so famous in Montreal during the last year. And somehow or other the idea occurred to the gangs that here was something they could do that would win them praise. Their leaders telephoned to the

hospital that they would be on hand to clean the old place up.

Like barbaric cohorts marching under pre-Christian banners, though most of them marched out of step, the gangs came down the narrow old streets and jostled into the hospital wearing emblems never seen there before. Their shoulder flashes displayed fanged wild beasts snarling from crimson mouths. Death's heads sneered from between their shoulder blades. On their backs were the crests and names of their gangs, most of them culled from the literature that forms their minds, the comic books.

Jostling and shouting, these products of our cultural vitamin-deficiency surged through halls where dying immigrants had dreamed of home and Osler had snatched moments to re-read paragraphs from the *Religio Medici*. They came full of the best intentions, and when mops and pails were given them, they set to work.

But the poor kids can't do anything right, not even when they try. The rest of us won't let them. Reporters, press photographers and a TV cameraman heard of their presence in the old building and followed them there. The TV man especially was too much for their thwarted longing to be noticed, and the moment they saw his camera they dropped their brushes and mops and swarmed around.

"Hey fellas, look what's here!"

"We're gonna be in TV!"

"Take my picture, willya?"

"Watch out, kid, he may show it to the cops!"

"Hey—take a picture of this and take it good! I made it special. Ain't it snazzy?"

So ended the effort to cleanse a reputation they had been told was soiled by two riots in eight months. While a handful of boys cleaned ceilings and floors, the rest threw water and wet rags at each other, scuffled and horsed around for laughs, and made such a chaos they would have been ordered out if they hadn't got bored and dribbled out of their own accord.

"It was a nice gesture," was the superintendent's comment, "and it's a pity it didn't turn out so well."

But this little affair was not quite so ridiculous as the papers made out. The kids in the black windbreakers showed simply that they want to be wanted and would like to be useful in a society they can't understand and feel is too busy to bother to understand them. It would have been unthinkable for them to have entered *en masse* the shiny new hospital on the top of Mount Royal. But that old gray building surviving from the past—it was humble enough, and perhaps it was primitive enough to give them at least the passing idea that in such a place there was a need for the likes of them.

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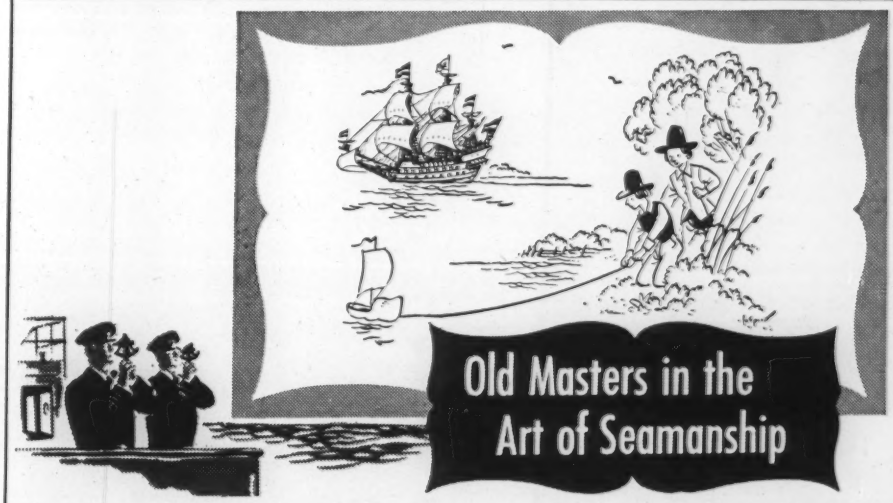

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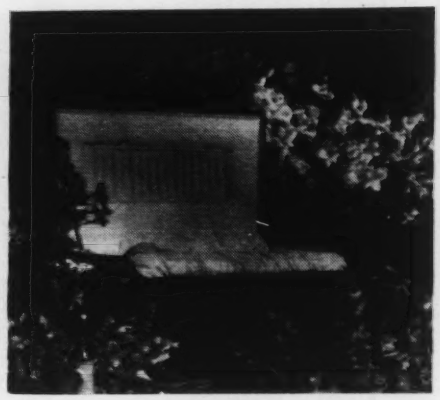
The Vanity of the Living

by Robertson Davies

THERE IS something about an undertaker that arouses passion in many people—either the passion to be funny about his trade, or to make a passionate attack upon him because he does what other men do in their trades, which is to sell as much as he can for as much as he can get. Recently Eastern Canada has resounded to some denunciations of the undertakers by people who think their attentions cost too much, and are too elaborate. Because a happy chance has brought to my desk a book called *The History of American Funeral Directing* by two American sociologists, Doctors Habenstein and Lamers, I have had a chance to ponder on this matter, and on other aspects of the craft and mystery of the undertaker and embalmer.

My studies persuade me that the undertaker is a focus of either humor or anger because he stands very close to Death, and Death is a subject upon which we all, without exception, have strong, but imperfectly understood, feelings. There are people who are calm about Death, even when it passes very near to themselves, but such philosophers are few. The undertaker is a scapegoat, because he seems to profit from Death, and his work often pushes him into a role which can be badly over-played. An undertaker who attacks his work with hammy zeal is an unpleasing object. But I laid down the Habenstein-Lamers work with a feeling that undertakers have been, upon the whole, pretty good fellows, and that we should be in a bad way without them.

The book is objective in tone; the copyright is held by the National Funeral Directors Association of the U.S., but no chilly hand seems to have been laid on the manuscript. So far as I can determine, its research is extensive. It has avoided both humor and anger, even where these might have excusably intruded; a few horrors are recorded, and there are times when the writers appear to have their tongues very far in their cheeks, but their tone is always quiet and factual. The book in this respect represents a superhuman feat of self-control. The temptation to make merry, and to make the reader's flesh creep, must have been extreme. I recommend it to the social historian, and to the reader who has a taste for the curious. I especially recommend it to those who are angry with undertakers.



Floral funerals: prestige in the family.

The book is, in a large part, documentary support of La Rochefoucauld's maxim that "The pomp of funerals feeds rather the vanity of the living than does honor to the dead". If funerals are expensive, and include ceremonial which is offensive to the taste of some thoughtful persons, and seems in many ways to contradict the teachings of the Christian religion, the fault is not primarily that of the undertaker, but that large section of the public which demands these things. It has always been so. This book makes it plain that from the time of the Egyptians, a majority of people have desired to bury their dead in the most elaborate and costly fashion.

Why? I cannot give a full answer, but it is obvious that expensive funerals have much the same purpose as expensive weddings; that is to say, they focus attention upon the participating families, and either gain or maintain a degree of social prestige. Most people are in the limelight at three times in their existence—when they are born, when they marry, and when they die. Are we to cheat them of a last glorious appearance?

Egyptian mummy: dried and pickled.

It is fruitless to point out that certain eminent men have asked for very simple funerals; their eminence cloaked them to the end. Most people lack this winding-sheet of worldly glory. It is equally beside the point to say that many rich people have had simple burials. I know of a great English nobleman, an Earl, who died recently leaving an estate of over a million pounds; he had the simplest of coffins, which was borne to his funeral on a farm-cart; I happen to know that the funeral costs were exactly £30. A beautiful simplicity, certainly. But the farm-cart was hauled by some of his tenants; the Council of a town which he owned almost outright followed the bier; people from all over his 100,000 acres stood bare-headed as he passed; and his obsequies took place in his private family chapel. We can all admire simplicity on this feudal scale. But what about John Smith, who has no broad acres, no tenants, no chapel and no fame extending beyond, perhaps, a hundred people all told? Are we seriously to expect his family to give him a £30 funeral? It would shame them before the neighbors.

Do not laugh. The desire to stand well in the eyes of the neighbors is a powerful and by no means wholly ignoble wish. And that, combined with certain feelings of guilt toward the dead which are present in even the best-regulated families, and that pagan feeling that the corpse must be comfortably and durably housed, in case the Day of Judgment should be a long time coming, account for most high funeral bills.

There are probably some rogues among undertakers. It would be a queer assemblage of saints if there were none. But it is manifest injustice to berate them for providing elaborate funerals for people of modest means, when the demand for such shows exists. If we begin to root out all the vanity of the living, we shall get ourselves involved in some unforeseen and alarming iconoclasms. Let those who are seeking to reform the modern funeral gain all the adherents they can; there will still be a majority of people who will want pompous display, and unless we are to discard all pity and all understanding of human frailty we must not deny it to them.

Long and interesting passages of the Habenstein-Lamers book are devoted to the evolution of embalming. Why anyone desires to preserve a corpse is a matter for the psychologists; it is enough to point out that most people have sought the services of the embalmer when these were

available. What used to be the preserve of the mighty became, in time, the privilege of the rich, and finally came to be within the reach of almost everybody.

Early embalming preserved bodies, but not in a manner aesthetically pleasing; the famous mummies of Egypt were, in effect, cunningly dried and pickled. The Renaissance saw a revival of this, among other arts, and we read with interest of the taxidermy employed in the case of popes and potentates. Like the practice of surgery, undertaking was for a time in the hands of the barbers. By the eighteenth century the merchant class had risen to the status of the embalmable, and there is talk of sawdust and tar as the chief preservatives. It was in the USA that the old Egyptian mystery reached its most elaborate modern application, and readers who wish to know more should seek out Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One,* in which the cosmetic triumphs of the embalmer are celebrated.

Mr. Waugh mocks modern American funerals because he thinks it ridiculous to preserve the shell from which the spirit has fled, presumably to a happier existence. What Mr. Waugh seems to have overlooked is that great numbers of people, whatever their professed belief on the subject, behave as though they thought that the spirit were not fled, but lingered on in an inhibited and mute condition; the pitiful Hades of the Romans is not so far from modern thinking as devout and convinced persons suppose.

The Habenstein-Lamers book is full of information about funeral customs, mourning, the evolution of the floral funeral, and of what are called "door-badges"; I had always thought that the crepe on the door was a survival of the old custom of muffling the knocker, but the authors make no mention of this. The delicate matter of white hearses for children's funerals is also explored.

As Aldous Huxley has pointed out, few people live Miltonically, and many live Wilcoxically; to this latter majority austerity is unbearable, and even the grip of Death can be softened by plentiful use of flowers, velvet and the embalmer's craft. Let those who truly seek funeral reform sit down this minute and write a letter dictating the scenario for their own final appearance; this should be confided to their lawyers. I seriously advise this exercise in self-exploration. It is amazing how wonderfully tender and indulgent we can become when considering our own formal farewell to this world which, whatever it may be, is rarely rational in its attitude toward Death.

The History of American Funeral Directing, by R. W. Habenstein and W. M. Lamers—pp. 597, and 36 pp. of appendices and Index—heavily and curiously illustrated—Bulfin Printers—$5.50.

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A Personal Matter . . .

Just as there are many types of people, there are many types of investors. Some have substantial amounts to invest . . . many more have medium amounts. Some are familiar with the basic elements of sound investment, others have little experience . . . or in fact, no experience at all. With some, safety is a chief concern, others regard income as more important, and an increasing number are interested in acquiring sound securities with growth possibilities.

All this really means that no two people have *exactly* the same investment problem because no two requirements are *exactly* alike. But despite many differences there is one thing common to all investors . . . it is that every person's investment problem is a very personal matter . . . a subject that he doesn't care to discuss with just anyone but, nevertheless, a subject on which he will often welcome experienced help.

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Three-Ring Circus of Emotion

by Mary Lowrey Ross

IT IS SAID that Tennessee Williams wrote *The Rose Tattoo* especially for Anna Magnani, but this seems unlikely. Tennessee Williams is far too self-dedicated a writer to shape his talents to outside specifications, even when they are on the scale provided by Miss Magnani. It seems more probable that Anna Magnani seized on the script as soon as it came into her hands, appropriating it so completely that in the end Dramatist Williams was lucky to get his name on the credit lists. *The Rose Tattoo* may be Tennessee Williams's play, but it is Anna Magnani's picture.

Admirers of Miss Magnani claim that she is the greatest actress in the world. Certainly she is one of its greatest performers. Apparently there is no limit to her virtuosity, and there are moments when she turns *The Rose Tattoo* into a three-ring circus of emotion, with love, fury and fierce despair following on each other so swiftly that they often seem to be taking place simultaneously. This makes her endlessly fascinating to watch, but it also tends to destroy the balance of the picture, since everyone else is weakened or diminished the moment she appears.

The role of her truck-driver lover is played here by Burt Lancaster and though he works hard he has only his male muscle to oppose to her shattering vitality. He ends up at the top of a mast, well out of reach of Serafina, and even here one felt Magnani could probably have overmatched him. If she had had to shin up a mast, she would have done it under the urgency of her daemon, and made the moment something to remember, along with her brawl with a pair of venturesome floozies and her fierce battle with a girdle which, like everything else in the picture, was several sizes too small to contain her.

It will be interesting to watch what Hollywood does with Anna Magnani. By West Coast, as well as by current Italian standards, Anna is over-weight and over-age, with only moderate good looks to balance her immoderate talent. In addition, she is so infatuated with the camera that she doesn't appear to care how it treats her. Harsh lighting doesn't bother Magnani, and she has no misgivings about turning up with her black mop of hair looking as though it had been slept in and her bargain-basement dressing-gown secured by a big brass safety pin. Presentable or not, however, she is Magnani; and even in her most extravagant screen behavior she knows how to set an exact and disciplined limit even to the art of over-acting. Hollywood has always been able to work miracles with beauty minus talent. Now let's see what it can do with an outrageous amount of talent combined with no appreciable looks.

The Prisoner, an English picture, sets itself to study those two opposing types that Arthur Koestler describes as the Yogi and the Commissar. Its hero (Alec Guinness) is a Catholic cardinal, a one-time leader in the anti-Nazi resistance movement. Since he is still in the business of resisting the powers of darkness, he is picked up by the secret police and taken to headquarters for investigation. His inquisitor (Jack Hawkins), who is both psychiatrist and lawyer, sets to work to break down the Cardinal's defences through a kind of muted psychological terrorism.

It makes a profoundly interesting, though curiously dissatisfying, story. Its author, Bridget Boland, appears to have rushed in confidently on ground which the saints, with all their knowledge of the obscure movements of human pride, would be reluctant to tread.

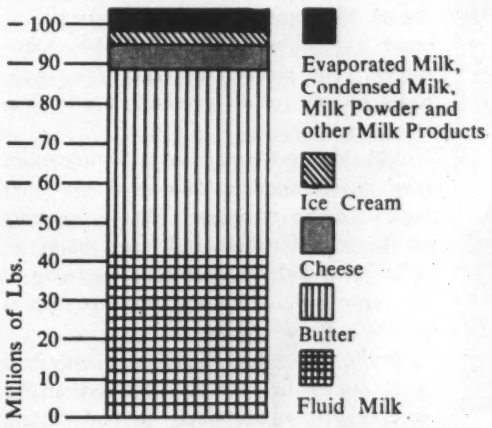
Both Alec Guinness and Jack Hawkins give remarkably impressive performances, but they are never able to obscure the story's central weakness. The Cardinal remains a fairly worldly type, politically rather than religiously inspired.

Magnani: Outrageous talent.

100,000 Immigrants and the Canadian Economy

In one year they will consume

1. Milk Products



Equals annual production of 17,000 above-average cows

2. Margarine	790,000 lbs	=	2½ days' production
3. Eggs	2,400,000 doz	=	Output of 120,000 hens
Poultry Meat	2,800,000 lbs	=	700,000 chickens
4. Pork	6,000,000 lbs	=	46,150 swine
Beef	7,200,000 lbs	=	9,600 beef steers
Veal	900,000 lbs	=	12,850 veal cattle
Mutton and Lamb	250,000 lbs	=	2,175 sheep
Offal	530,000 lbs		
Canned Meat	280,000 lbs		
Total	*15,160,000 lbs*	=	*7,580 tons of meat*
5. Bread	10,540,000 lbs	=	157,300 bushels of wheat
Potatoes	19,180,000 lbs	=	353,000 bushels

100,000 immigrants will spend $36,400,000 a year on food alone

NOT SINCE 1950 have fewer than 100,000 immigrants entered Canada in any one year. In 1955 the total was 109,946, the lowest number since 1950, when the total was 73,912. Not all the immigrants stay here. Some return to their native lands and others move on to the United States. But there is still a substantial net gain. The figures on this page show what this gain means to Canada's economy in terms of actual consumption—not just so many hands and minds to work but bodies to be fed, housed and clothed. The figures are taken from reports compiled by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics and agricultural and business agencies. They may not accurately reflect the buying habits of the immigrant during his early days in Canada, but they are a valid reflection of the increased market for domestic production provided by each addition of 100,000 people of all ages to the population. They indicate, too, how immigrants strengthen the nation's financial resources with their savings and their sharing of the tax load.

6. They will form 25,000 households and require:

6,500	Oil Furnaces	3 weeks' production
4,600	Coal or Coke Furnaces	
10,600	Electric Stoves	3 weeks' production
1,325	Gas Stoves	2½ weeks' production
18,750	Electric Refrigerators	3½ weeks' production
1,225	Home Freezers	8 weeks' production
19,825	Electric Washing Machines	4 weeks' production
13,000	Vacuum Cleaners	6 weeks' production
16,150	Sewing Machines	
17,625	Telephones	
24,000	Radios	4 weeks' production
9,650	Television Sets	4 days' production
13,000	Automobiles	2 weeks' production

7. Other facts about 100,000 people in Canada in 1955

Their share in:

Gross National Product		$167,000,000
Income Taxes		$ 8,350,000
Personal Savings		$ 8,025,000
Personal Disposable Income		$115,700,000
Spending on Consumer Goods, Services		$ 59,000,000
Use of Electric Power	Kilowatt-hours	449,000,000

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Canadian Canners

Will you please give me your opinion of Canadian Canners as an investment for a moderate long hold.—H.R., Galt, Ont.

If you are looking for a fairly attractive return on your money, Canadian Canners would be a sound investment. At its recent price of about $34, it yields almost 6 per cent at its indicated dividend rate of $2 a share annually.

Canadian Canners is the largest company in the canning business in the British Empire and Commonwealth. It has almost 50 canning and preserving factories spread across the country in key agricultural areas and is well-known to Mrs. Consumer. The chances are that your wife picks up one of its products every time she goes shopping.

With business conditions a bit uncertain these days, Canadian Canners' shares could be considered a hedge. That is, as part of the food business, it is least likely to suffer should there be a general slump in the economy. The argument goes that people always have to eat.

That's the safety factor. It may not work out in the case of a big drop in the market, but you're likely to find that it won't drop as much in price as shares of companies in other industries.

If you subscribe to the theory that Canada can't help but keep growing, Canadian Canners then offers an opportunity for a capital profit. For as population increases, so increase the chances for more business for this company. As a matter of fact, last year was considered a record for the company and this year its profits are likely to climb a little above the $2.72 a share reported previously.

Another interesting point in examining Canadian Canners' prospects is its scattered network of plants. The chances of crop failures right across the country are pretty slim. If there is bad weather in the west, Canadian Canners' eastern plants can take up the slack in packing more peas, beans and jams.

With all the glamor being focused on other facets of Canadian growth, it may well be that Canadian Canners could turn out to be a sleeper.

General Dynamics

I note that shares of General Dynamics have recently sold for about $55 after touching a high of $125 earlier this year. Has there been a stock split?—L.F.C., Hull, Que.

In effect, what has occurred might be called a "stock split". The high was set in February of last year. This was shortly after the company announced payment

of a stock dividend of one share for each share held—in effect giving stockholders two shares where they formerly held one. This stock dividend was payable March 10, 1955.

You might note that the shares, after distribution of the stock dividend, have come up from a low of $48 to about $60.

General Dynamics is a U.S. company formerly known as Electric Boat. It is the firm that has built an atomic-powered submarine. Primarily, its interests have been concentrated in what the investor generally considers armaments, or as it is known these days, defence work. For example, one of its subsidiaries is Canadair Ltd., which makes military aircraft in Canada.

Otherwise its interests are U.S., with control held in Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp., and Stromberg-Carlson. The Stromberg-Carlson acquisition is relatively recent (mid-1955) and is evidence of attempts to diversify the company's business.

Just to give you an idea of the size of this giant corporation, sales in the first nine months of 1955 amounted to $506 million and profit was $13.7 million. It is estimated that General Dynamics will do $600 million of business this year. It had a backlog of almost $1.5 billion of orders going into the final quarter of 1955.

So long as the cold war continues, it is likely that General Dynamics will stay busy. And with its emphasis on excellent and far-seeing management, which continually looks for ways to adapt the findings of modern science to more practical purposes, it is likely that the company could rebound rapidly from any major setback in defence work.

To put it briefly, General Dynamics is a big segment in big business.

Agnew-Surpass

I would like to invest in Agnew-Surpass Shoe Stores common and preferred. I would appreciate your comments.—J.H., Brantford, Ont.

First, let's get the prices of the shares straight. Agnew-Surpass common is about $8; the preferred is at its par value of $10.

The common shares at their current level yield about 5 per cent on the basis of 40 cents paid annually in dividends. Note that this present rate is down from 60 cents and 50 cents paid previously after a four-for-one stock split in 1947.

The preferred shares at their par value of $10 yield 5½ per cent. In other words, if you bought 10 shares of this preferred for $100, you would collect $5.50 in dividends each year.

These returns on investments aren't the world's best, but they also aren't the worst. Your interest in this company probably arises from the fact that you live in Brantford and may even work for the company

Financial Surveys

For the information of investors we have prepared financial surveys of a number of Canadian corporations. These surveys present historical and statistical data in a concise manner and include a market chart.

The following surveys are among those available:

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The Committee as now constituted comprises

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General H. D. G. CRERAR, C.H., C.B., D.S.O., C.D.,
Director, Cockshutt Farm Equipment Ltd.

SHIRLEY G. DIXON, O.B.E., Q.C.,
Chairman, Courtaulds (Canada) Ltd.

JAMES S. DUNCAN, C.M.G.,
Chairman and President,
Massey-Harris-Ferguson Company Ltd.

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President, Ker & Stephenson Ltd.

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at its head office. Therefore, you are probably aware that all is not rosy in the footwear business but Agnew-Surpass probably has more than held its own. In its fiscal year ended May 31, 1955, it reported sales of about $10.6 million and profit of $366,700. This profit was equal to $8.84 on the preferred and 85 cents on the common and was down slightly from the previous year.

Looking back over the company's previous financial record we find that sales have declined for the past two years after increasing steadily for about 13 years. At the same time, aggressive management has been expanding its retail outlets so that it now has 108 stores in operation, compared with about 80 in 1940.

What tends to make Agnew-Surpass attractive is the strong possibility that this year may be the turning point for the soft goods industry. Canadians are expected to spend more on clothing, and that would probably include shoes. Agnew-Surpass, with its Canada-wide chain of stores and fighting sales efforts, is in a good position to cash in on such a trend.

Also, we like the idea of Canadians buying shares in companies in their home towns and where they are working. Such investments should be carefully considered, but if you know the company well and can say hello to the boss on the street, the chances are that you are in a better position to evaluate its position and worth than a figure-filbert locked in a Bay Street office.

In Brief

Are these stocks still around—Arabee Oil and Gas, Coupland, La Reine Molybdenum, Newroy?—E.G.S., Windsor, Ont.

Arabee is the only one left.

Can you tell me what happened to Beryllium Mines and Alloys? It was active on paper until the Ontario government began restricting the operations of unethical stock promoters.—J.H.H., McCreary, Man.

Disappeared with the promoters.

What are the prospects of Peace River Gas?—M.J., Montreal, Que.

Its chances are not without some interest.

What happened to Hoodo Lake Mines Ltd.?—B.J., Buffalo, NY.

It changed its name to Dunvegan Mines Ltd. Can you blame it?

SIMPSONS, LIMITED

COMMON SHARES

Dividend Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of twelve and one-half cents (12½c.) per share on the outstanding Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable March 15, 1956 to shareholders of record as at the close of business on February 15, 1956.

The transfer books will not be closed.

By order of the Board.

Frank Hay,
Secretary and Treasurer

Toronto, February 3, 1956.

Johns-Manville
Corporation

DIVIDEND

The Board of Directors declared a dividend of $1.00 per share on the Common Stock payable March 9, 1956, to holders of record Feb. 27, 1956.

Roger Hackney, Treasurer

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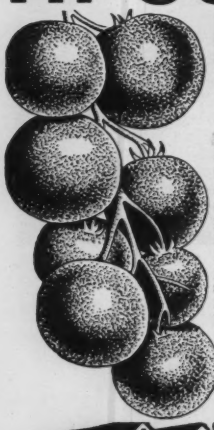

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Beginning a Basic Estate

by William Sclater

SINCE the usual problem faced by young married people seeking to begin an adequate insurance estate is one of cost, the efforts of modern life insurance underwriters to meet this situation are worthy of careful study.

It is a challenge. While it was inevitable that term insurance would form at least part of any such planning, because of its lower cost basis, it is interesting to note how the disadvantages of term insurance are circumvented while allowing it to form a substantial part of a semi-permanent type of base for an adequate insurance estate at lower cost.

The big forward step of recent years saw the development of the family income plan of insurance, whereby a rider attached to a regular whole life policy provided for a decreasing amount of term insurance based on a smaller amount of permanent insurance.

An example of this is a basic $5,000 life insurance policy with a double family income clause which provides, on a 20-year basis, for payment of $100 a month to the widow. Sold in 1956, a policy with this clause would assure the wife an income of $100 a month until 1976 and then the $5,000 face value of the policy if her husband died in the first year (1956). If the husband died in 1975 the widow would receive the $100 a month for one year and then the $5,000 face value of the policy.

While it is obvious that the policy gives added protection during the early years of marriage, when income is usually lowest and young family expenses high, it does have certain disadvantages that may, or may not be important, depending upon individual circumstances and requirements.

One is that the protection provided is a decreasing thing. Another is that the insured person may want to convert the term insurance part of the contract to permanent insurance and finds then that he will have to supply evidence of his insurability at whatever age he has attained. The final factor is that there is no cash surrender value to the term section of the contract. It just expires with the end of the period and is not a building thing like a permanent policy.

Realizing that the key to the problem was still the basic requirement of the younger married man for adequate protection at a cost he could afford to pay, the life underwriters made a further advance in this field.

Once again the inclusion of term insurance, harnessed to a permanent policy, made the new coverage a possibility from the cost angle. This time the extra protection at minimum cost was attached to a good basic value life policy and was called Supplemental Term.

The fundamental thing about this new coverage is that it provides the Insured with the option of converting his supplemental term coverage to permanent whole-life insurance, at any time during the period of the contract without having to supply evidence of his insurability.

If a young married man of 25 years of age buys a basic whole-life insurance policy in the amount of $5,000, he is given the right to purchase up to $10,000 supplemental term insurance at a very low rate of premium.

This insurance is convertible. After the first seven years, when he is 32 years of age, he has the option of converting it to whole-life insurance or of carrying on for a further seven year period with the $10,000 supplemental term by paying a higher rate. At the end of 14 years, when he is 39, he can either convert to whole-life or carry on for another seven years at a higher rate of premium.

The advantage is always there, inbuilt into the coverage, of conversion at any attained age without evidence of insurability, during the term of the contract. It is a most flexible form of coverage because it provides an adequate semi-permanent base that can be made a permanent base. He can surrender it in whole or in part, or he can continue it to the end of the contract period.

For those who seek the security of permanent insurance but are unable to purchase it up to the extent of their requirements, this does make possible a permanent-type base that is worth careful consideration.

Recent reports by life insurance companies have shown Canadians the remarkable growth in coverage and popular acceptance during the past decade. Paralleling this growth has been the variety of plan offered to the buyer; it is possible now to tailor-make insurance to the individual case. Continuing advice throughout the building of an estate has, in most cases, been invaluable.

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

BERYL opened her eyes. "I must have been asleep," she announced, yawning luxuriously as she snuggled closer to her husband. Sam chuckled: "You've sure been snoring plenty," he told her, "but we're still on the highway." He indicated a signpost they were approaching: "That'll tell how far we've still got to go." Beryl looked, and yawned again. "I can't keep my peepers open," she said, "but call me if you get too bored."

Two hours later Sam nudged her. "Wakey, wakey," he laughed, "we're passing another signpost and it's time to be sociable." And now time did pass quickly, with Beryl doing most of the talking as Sam concentrated on his driving.

Then she pointed. "That's funny, Sam." She was serious a moment. "The signpost, when I woke up the first time, had the same two figures as this one." Sam smiled. Two could play at that game. "That's so," he agreed, "but you've forgotten there was a third figure between them the first time. And," he went on, "when I called you an hour ago, we'd just passed one which showed those same two figures but with a nought between them."

He might have added that he had been driving at a steady speed for well over three hours, but you'll be able to figure out what that speed was. (17)

Answer on Page 30.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

ALBERTO BATORI, the composer of our No. 1 problem on the Magee theme, was born in 1884 and died in 1923. In 1918, the year before that first prizewinner appeared in the Good Companions folder, he contributed the two-mover below, in which the black Queen can give twelve checks with eleven different mates.

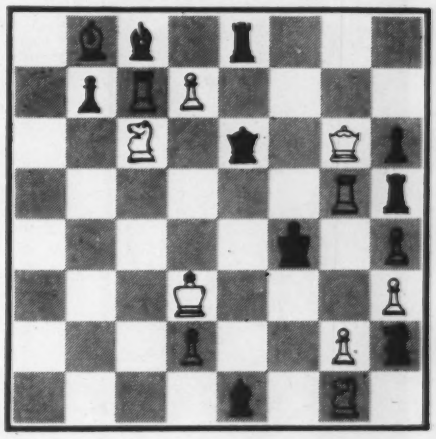
Solution of Problem No. 134.

Key-move 1.Q-B2, threatening 2.QxR mate. If Kt-Q3; 2.R-Q5 mate. If Kt-Q7; 2.KtxR mate. If Kt else; 2.R-B4 mate. If R-Q7; 2. KtxKt mate. If R else; 2.Kt-K2 mate. If Q-R6; 2.QxKt mate.

After R-B6, 2.Q-K4 is also mate, not a serious dual.

Problem No. 135, by A. Batori.

Black—Nine Pieces.
White—Twelve Pieces.
White mates in two.



Try It Again

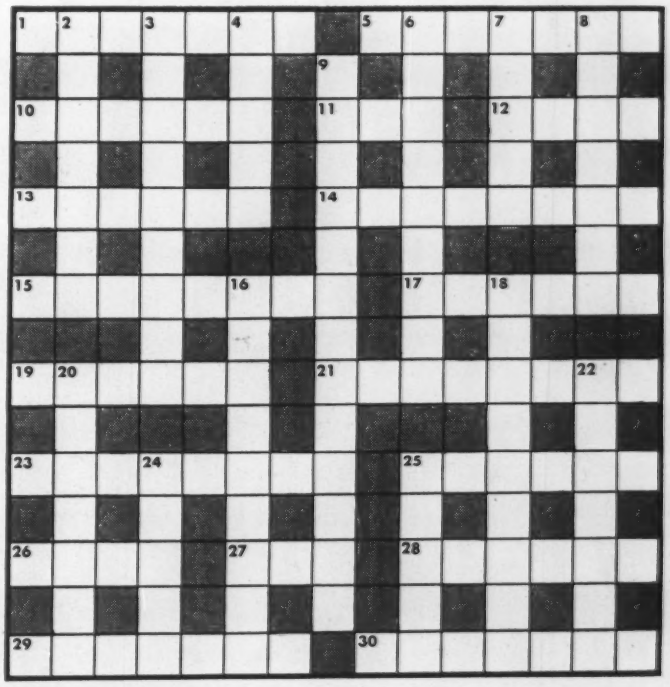
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 Upset to find the fathead will take a large one? (7)
5 Containers of hash can surely not be these. (7)
10 Necessary fare for the Prodigal Son? (6)
11 Sounds like an alternative for a dipper. (3)
12 See 22
13 What the spider makes to sleep on? (6)
14 Chopin's music, though classic, is still this. (8)
15 If it's pains, sir, upsetting you try these. (8)
17 The end of 16 makes nonsense when you do this to it. (6)
19 I'm a long time making them! (6)
21 We've only his word for it that he ever struck that chord! (8)
23 When the dray is wrecked, beer is spilled inside. (3, 5)
25 Is a lion above making this noise? (6)
26 He's a knockout with an encore in Gilbert and Sullivan. (4)
27 Surprisingly not over weight. (3)
28 A giant of an encyclopedia. (6)
29 From which birds drink? (7)
30 Swears at exams? (7)

DOWN

2 19 will be if you take time out. (7)
3, 24 Section of street one might trip over? (9, 5)
4 A dozen assorted to be divided. (5)
6 Segovia is doing it for a living. (9)
7 A price on one's head? (5)
8 I rose in disarray. (7)
9 Pressman covering the divorce court? (13)
16 Look closely or he will! (9)
18 For a cent, liver can be chopped up in hearts and brains. (9)
20 A native of Warsaw may get ahead on the green. (7)
22, 12 If you 10 pans, you will get . . . (4, 3, 2, 2)
24 See 3.
25 The U.N. gets a rakeoff, it seems. (5)



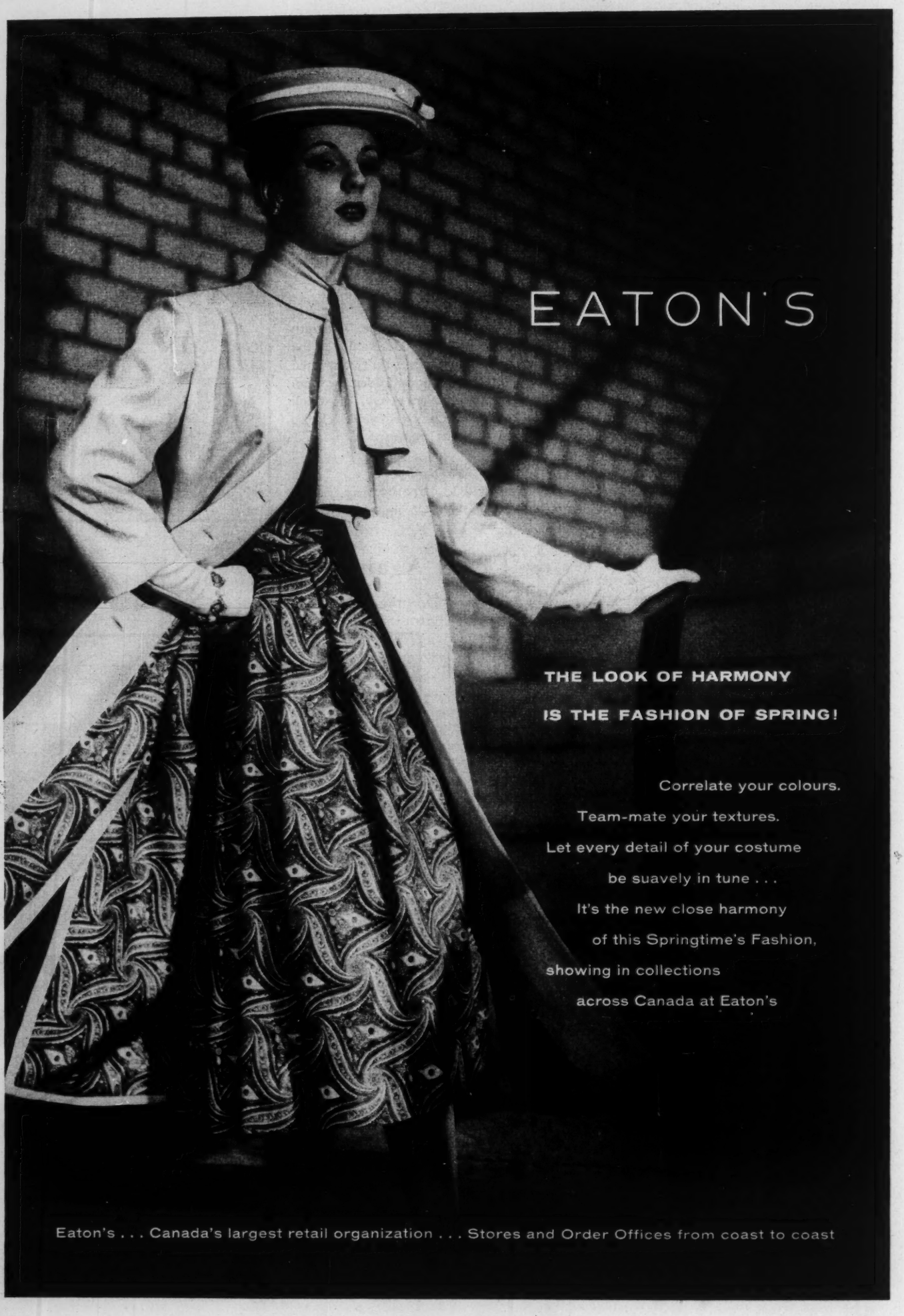
Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1, 36 Hitch-hiker
4, 6 See 25
9 Rule of thumb
10, 5 Tom Thumb
11 Elba
12 Barb
13, 18 Footpath
15 Rye
16 See 25
18 See 13
20, 1D Jack Horner
22 Each
23 Pie
27 Tack
28 See 34
29 Beau
32 Cos
33 Printers' ink
34, 28 Screwball
35 Far
36 See 1A

DOWN

1 See 20
2 Tallboy
3 Hoot
4 Ostracize
5, 26 Thumb-sucker
5, 34 Thumbscrew
6 Abbé
7 Outpost
8 Enmity
14 Apt
17 Escalator
19 Ike
21 Accuser
24 Ice-rink
25, 4A, 16, 6A, 5 Sticks out like a sore thumb
26 See 5
28 Brief
30 Spew
31 Arch (384)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Art and Western Hospitality

by Idabelle Melville

IN AUGUST, 1950, Canadian mayors arriving in Saskatoon for their 13th annual convention found themselves caught in the midst of a hotel employees' strike, which left them in the Bessborough Hotel with no service and no food. It may have been something of a novelty to make their own beds, but there was nothing amusing about the lack of meals. It seemed an impossible predicament until Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mendel, hearing of their plight, rushed to the rescue of Saskatoon's reputation as a "convention" city. To the Mendels it was the most natural thing in the world to say in effect: "Don't worry. We'll feed you." And they did—600 people as their guests for the entire convention week.

Later a grateful province and city held a banquet in the Mendels' honor and presented them with a silver service autographed by the premier of Saskatchewan and the mayor of Saskatoon.

To the visiting delegates having their meals provided by the Mendels must have seemed western hospitality extended far beyond the traditional limits. But to Saskatoon it was typical of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mendel. In the summer, several hundred guests at a time are often entertained on their spacious lawns overlooking the South Saskatchewan River. In the winter, when their guest list totals several hundred people, they may entertain in three places at once. Recently the Mendels entertained 450 people at their home on Saskatchewan Crescent, at their guesthouse art gallery next door and at their art gallery above the Mendel packing plant. By what seemed like sheer magic, both Mr. and Mrs. Mendel managed to appear, to greet, chat and bid farewell to their guests, while their party continued in three places. Obviously the Mendels make social news, but by their own request their parties are not reported in the social columns of the newspaper.

Famous for their hospitality, the Mendels are also noted for their collection of modern art. Their galleries contain the work of such painters as Pissarro, de Vlaminck, Utrillo, Chagall, Dufy, Franz Marc, Martin Bloch, Otto Dix, Max Liebermann, Eugen Spiro, Lyonel Feininger (who died recently) and Moise Kisling. There are important canvases by Canadian artists—Emily Carr (the Mendels have 10 of her paintings), J. W. Morrice, A. Y. Jackson, J. E. H. MacDonald.

Mrs. Mendel was frankly surprised to be questioned about herself. "People always write about my husband, I'm just in the background," she exclaimed. But the vigorous personality of Fred Mendel, art collector and patron, is matched by that of his vivid and lively wife, who could never be classified as "background".

Consider, for instance, the way Clare Mendel handles close to 300 pictures in the Mendel collection. (Fifty of their pictures are at present on tour in Canada

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mendel in Saskatoon is famed for its hospitality. Here Mrs. Mendel entertains a group of international students, and uses the presentation silver service.

and will have their final showing at the National Gallery.) Visiting the Mendel home and galleries on several occasions is a most refreshing experience. Things never look the same. The pictures, for example, are constantly being moved from place to place, their groupings changed to give different effects. Even in the space of one week of meeting Mrs. Mendel either at the galleries or in her home, this was very evident. At times the walls seemed to have moved. One day there were two medium-sized rooms in the guest-house art gallery. Four days later an entire wall had been removed, the decorating redone, the pictures rehung: a large room had been created for a party.

With her zest for change, Mrs. Mendel has also enjoyed redoing her home. She personally supervises all structural changes and needs no ideas from either architects or interior decorators. If something requires designing, she designs it. She likes light streaming from both ends of a room. She has given their home the fresh brightness of the modern home without losing the charm of the traditional.

Mrs. Mendel's household staff consists of two people: a chef and one maid. When the number of guests is large, the food is prepared by the chef at the cafeteria in the plant and delivered at the house or to the art galleries if needed there. If necessary, waitresses come from the plant cafeteria to help with the serving. Mrs. Mendel plans all the menus and is herself an excellent cook. It is difficult to imagine anyone arriving within hours of meal time without Mrs. Mendel's immediately inviting them to stay.

Mrs. Mendel says they have found by experience that Canadians prefer Canadian food, so they seldom serve European dishes to their guests. One of her favorite European dishes is *ragout fin,* a fine stew made of sweetbreads, brains, mushrooms and French capers. But she confesses, when they eat alone, she and Mr. Mendel often enjoy such ordinary favorites as lentil soup and potato pancakes. However, Mrs. Mendel usually eats Canadian food, which she feels is definitely more healthy than the heavily spiced European dishes.

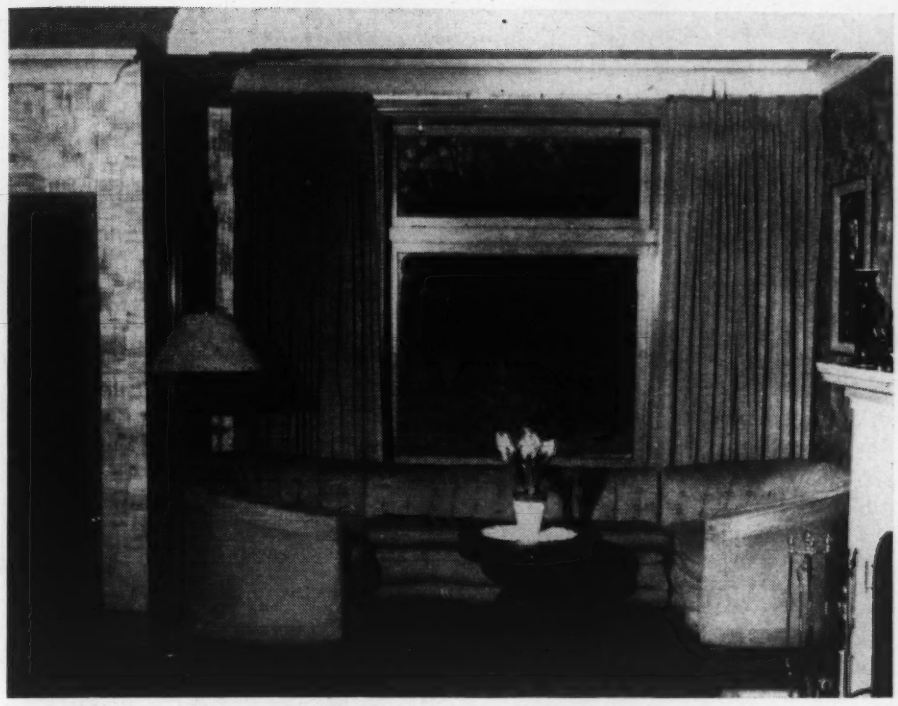
Mrs. Mendel points to her husband in this painting by Ignac Konrad of the Mendel race-horses and trainers on their estate near Budapest.

Clare Mendel has no patience with people who hark back to other days and make unfavorable comparisons with life in Canada. Anything she finds difficult to adjust to, she considers of minor importance. She confesses, though, that it took a while to get used to the Canadian salt shaker. In Europe, seasoning is done in the kitchen and a hostess would be insulted if a guest seasoned the food. Nor has she, in 16 years, managed the custom of drinking ice cold water with meals. The Mendels still retain the European habit of wine with their meals.

If Mrs. Mendel could be said to have one house-wifely phobia, it would be her concern with the smell of food. She cannot tolerate food odors pervading her living-room. In Europe her cooking quarters were on a separate floor. But now, with her kitchen next to her dining-room, in the Canadian fashion, Mrs. Mendel wages a constant fight against food odors. Even with the latest inventions to eliminate them, she takes no chances and airs out her kitchen even if the blasts of air are sub-arctic.

It would be a mistake to present Mrs. Mendel only in her best-known role of hostess. Basically her deepest interest is with her two beautiful daughters and her six grandchildren. Her older daughter, Johanna, with her husband, the film actor, Cameron Mitchell, and their four children, flies to Saskatoon on every possible occassion to spend holidays with the Mendels. Last spring when Cameron Mitchell went to Japan to make the movie *House of Bamboo,* Johanna accompanied him. Johanna then took her first movie role in Japan, playing the Mother Superior in *Three Stripes in the Sun.* During this time Mrs. Mendel was in Hollywood with the four children. The Mendels' other

"La Plage de Deauville" by Dufy (left) and "Double Face au Cheval Bleu" by Chagall (right) are among their paintings now on tour. The portrait of Einstein and the abstraction are by George Csato, the Hungarian artist.



The living-room is done in soft green, silver grey and gold brocade.

daughter, Eva, an accomplished artist herself, and mother of two daughters, is the wife of Dr. Max Miller, professor at the Liberian Institute of the American Foundation of Tropical Medicine. While in Africa, Eva has done many interesting portrait studies of natives. In a recent letter, Eva told her mother she has started abstract painting. Mr. Mendel was delighted, but Mrs. Mendel doesn't quite share her husband's enthusiasm for the abstract. She thinks it interesting to experiment with shape and color, but wonders where an artist goes "after abstraction".

Before the last war Mr. Mendel had packing plants in many eastern European countries. His main hobbies were collecting fine race horses as well as works of art. Mrs. Mendel managed two homes, one in Budapest, the other in Vienna. The Mendels have always entertained. Mrs. Mendel says, "My husband especially loves to feed people; he really should have been in the restaurant business. He always brings someone home with him."

But the end of the Mendels' European life began when the Nazis occupied Vienna. Mr. Mendel had escaped to Paris the evening before. Mrs. Mendel was having a birthday party for Eva when storm troopers with bloodhounds arrived and searched their home. Mrs. Mendel covers this period simply by saying, "We were the fortunate ones. So many of our friends are dead." Having found refuge in Canada, Mr. Mendel came to Saskatoon in 1940 and established Intercontinental Packers.

Although the Mendels have been Canadian citizens now for many years, Mrs. Mendel can never quite take Canada for granted. "Life here always gives me a feeling of breathing fresh pure air," she says. "Everyone here trusts everyone. People are free and relaxed. It's a wonderful thing. I often wonder if Canadians appreciate it enough."

Fred Mendel—"I'll take my hat off to a pig any day"—admires Franz Marc's painting "Pigs".

In the art gallery above the packing-plant are murals in fresco by Bill Perehudoff, Saskatoon artist.

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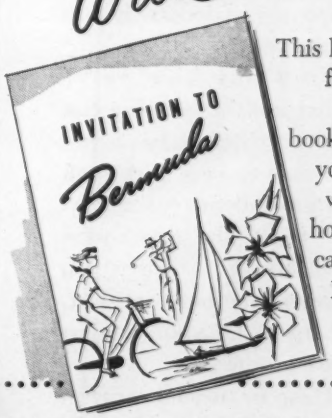

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Letters

Fowler Commission

Would your correspondent, R. B. Ralston, contend that in rejecting a person for jury service because he has publicly prejudged the verdict, the Court is questioning that person's integrity? I doubt it. Then on what basis can he argue that my criticism of Messrs. Fowler and Stewart is a reflection on the integrity of these men? I have simply stated that as top officials of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, these men are publicly identified with, if not the actual creators of, policies opposed to our present broadcasting set-up . . .

Furthermore, while I might agree with Mr. Ralston that the main CBC problem is finance, there is more than one solution to that problem. And in arriving at a decision as to which solution is the best, I respectfully suggest the Commission should represent something more than so-called financial experts. As an example, financial experts might advise that CBC revenues should be made as far as possible by tapping advertising revenues from American shows so extensively as to eliminate the development of Canadian experience and talent in this field . . .

TORONTO — DONALD C. MACDONALD, MPP
Ontario CCF Leader

Full Bellies

I did not at all admire Sir Anthony Eden's phraseology in his speech in Ottawa . . . We could have understood him just as well if he had said, "sufficient food" in place of "full bellies". There was no particular point in his being crude.

MEDICINE HAT, ALTA. — J. BRIGGS

Editor's note: Sir Anthony can be criticized for many things but scarcely for using good simple English instead of soggy nice-Nellyisms.

Canadian Character

I am amazed . . . that a Canadian historian (Prof. A. R. M. Lower) could hold such erroneous views of our Canadian character . . . Our sons have fought in two European wars and in neither case did we wait for a nod from our Mother Country nor did we think to look over our shoulder to see whether the "mighty American" approved . . . Lester Pearson with his "international courage" is not untypical . . . As late as 1911 we turned down the commercially advantageous reciprocity treaty when a few noted Americans opined that commercial union would inevitably lead to political union . . . We would do the same today . . .

VICTORIA — J. RONALD STANDEN

Editor's note: It could be that Prof. Lower's special position as a Canadian historian enabled him to reach the conclusions he did in his article.

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BY ORDER OF THE BOARD
G. G. WOODWARD
Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
9 February 1956.

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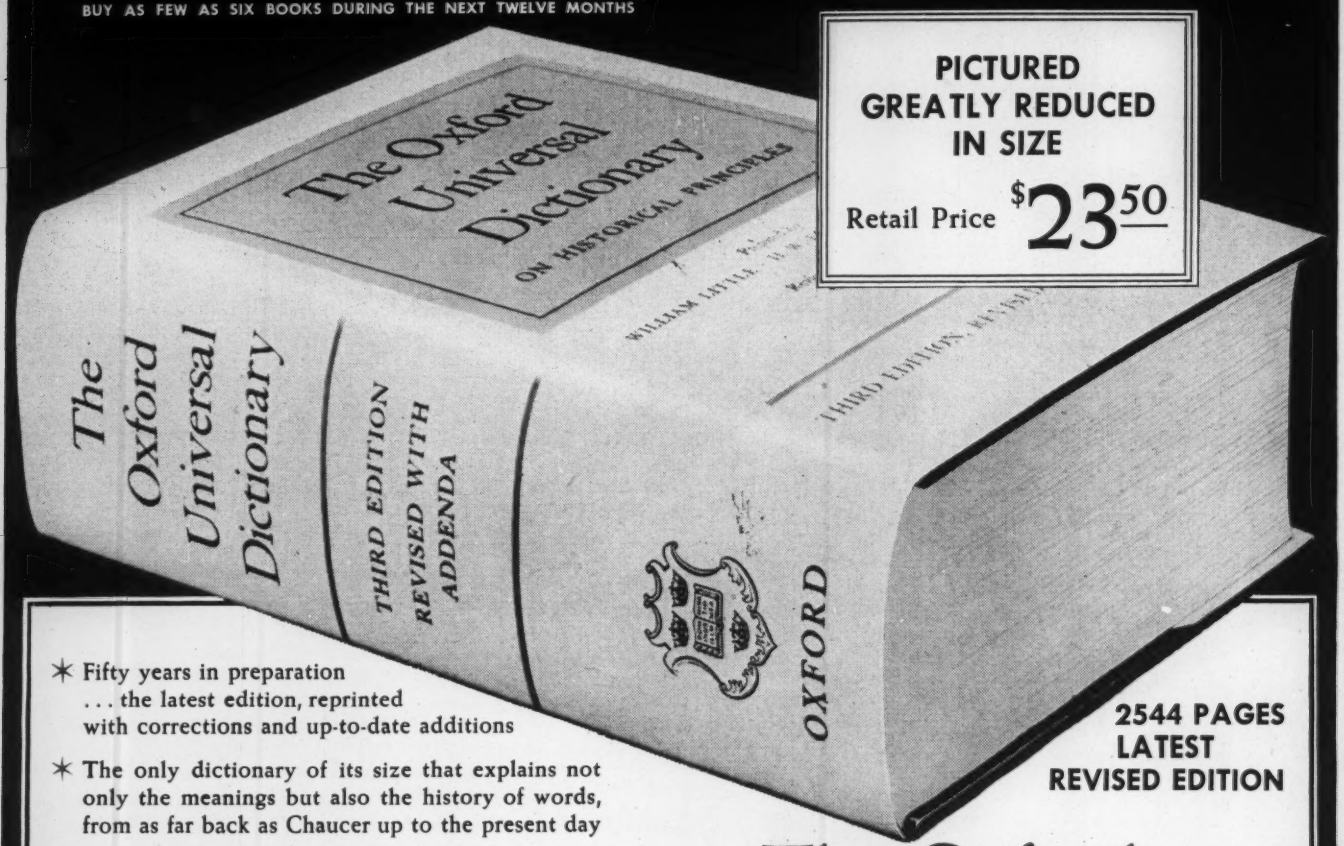

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